

The New Obedience



William Bayard Hale

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THE NEW OBEDIENCE

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A PLEA FOR
SOCIAL SUBMISSION TO CHRIST

BY
✓
WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

MISSION PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, MIDDLEBORO,
MASSACHUSETTS.



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To the Memory of
WILLIAM MORRIS

*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye
do them.*

PREFACE.

THIS plea has been uttered in part and in varying forms in several American cities. It here stands substantially as it was presented in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on the Friday noons of Lent, 1896, except that the address "The New Freedom" was not then given. "The Authority of Truth" was also the basis of addresses made before the St. Paul's Society of Harvard University, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Hobart College at Commencement, and at the Bi-Centennial Commencement of St. John's College. I have revised freely, but have retained the personal and hortatory form, and the circumstantial idioms of the St. Paul's Noon Services.

The interest, the doubt, I fear I must say the distress, and yet—on the part of some—the singular enthusiasm, which they evoked, have seemed to justify the printing of these words. I have nothing to add here. God

prosper my book if its teachings be truth.
God confound and defeat it if its counsels
run not with His will.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

MIDDLEBORO', MASS., St. Andrew's Day, 1896.

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I.

THE AUTHORITY OF TRUTH.

THE AUTHORITY OF TRUTH.

THERE has been what is known as the New Learning. Beginning in Italy, under the inspiration of the Greek teachers who had fled into Lombardy at the fall of Byzantium, it was taken up by the youths of all the countries of northern Europe, who, eager for learning, had crossed the Alps, and returning carried with them the light under which the whole world was to be transformed. Next to that of the fall of the Roman Empire, the date of the Revival of Learning is the most momentous since the birth of Him for whom the era is named, and the coming of whose Kingdom the centuries are consummating. To the fifteenth century the Spirit of Truth seemed to be fulfilling in peculiar measure His promise to lead men into all truth.

The New Learning filled the world with beauty. It built the Basilica on the Tiber; it laid richer glories on the walls of San Marco; it adorned the valley of the Arno

with Brunelleschi's Church and the Campanile of Giotto. It multiplied Madonnas and Annunciations and Nativities. It touched the secret springs of music. It produced Dante and Petrarch and Chaucer and Shakespeare, Savonarola and Colet, Erasmus and More, Michelangelo, Leonardo and Titian, Columbus and Galileo. It perfected the art of multiplying books, till, by the agency of the printing press, knowledge, lofty thoughts, and forms of literary beauty became common among men as the good sunshine and the rain that waters the face of the whole earth. It discovered America. It founded universities, and reclaimed those already existing from barren disputings over the inanities of the schoolmen to true mental life. It erected from the ruins of the Empire the modern nations. It opened the humanities, and set men again at telling of the human story. It began the latest and most profound phase of philosophy—the study of history. It made possible the modern sciences. In a word, it created a new world, a hitherto unprophesied society, an undreamed-of civilization.

That society we are. In that civilization we live. The New Learning is not a phrase which describes a mere epoch, a transitory movement; it describes a state and temper which still obtain. We are the products of the New Learning; we are its representatives and inheritors.

Some are very proud of that fact. Some of us are not so sure that we have much reason to be proud. The New Learning is no longer new. Much of its exuberance has passed away; much of its lofty conception of itself and its office has expired. It is not necessary at all to repudiate its achievements, nor to deny its effects, but it may be justifiable to doubt whether it has proven itself all that at the outset it gave promise of being. Certainly, it is supremely saddening to reflect that it has effected the present abounding extravagances of the restless advocates of progress, the men who fill our ears with cackle of advanced thought, new theology, new morality and the New Woman. I shall be interested presently to show that these men are not true products of the modern thought movement, nor fair

illustrations of its value. But they are its actual products to-day, and they do illustrate its present state. "New" is their watch-word, their creed, their battle-cry. There is nothing under heaven these last followers of the *Via Nova* are not minded to renovate. From cosmic philosophy to posters, behold they have made all things new. The brain of the latter-day disciple of novelty, rather than a home for Truth, has become a tavern which entertains scarcely over night, one by one, the host of *fin de siècle* fads. With no greater fickleness than levity, we fly from Omar Khayyam to Bacteriology, from Indian Folk-lore to Schopenhauer or Hegel, and then, the sun of philosophy having set, from Impressionism to Maeterlinck or the Song of Solomon. Every one hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. In the name of progress, we are bidden hail Yellow-Book Art, the Decadent Literature, Neo-Christianity. The German, who so well illustrates his own proposition, is not far wrong. Much (new) learning hath made us mad.

Is it surprising, in view of this sort of

thing, that there are among the serious and sincere those who are beginning to suspect that the New Learning is a good deal of a failure? It is a singular fact, if it is not a significant one, that the confident pursuit of knowledge has given birth to a school of men who profess to be content to know only that they can know nothing. More noteworthy than the rise of agnosticism, is the disposition to-day, unmistakably manifested in certain quarters, to discredit modern accomplishments, and to return to the mediæval. Evidence of this in art is given by the pre-Raphaelite movement, by the growing influence of the classic school in architecture and by the romantic revival in literature; and in religion, by the Catholic revival on one side, and on the other the reproduction of the Greek theology. The real thinkers to-day are not talking about new thought. The really advancing are not singing hymns to progress, but (the situation has a certain irony and delicate pathos) are trying to discover whether there be such a thing as progress. Incomplete, on the verge of its greatest triumphs, the New Learning has lost

very much of its steadiness, its soberness, its trustworthiness; it has become largely frivolous.

But now when we ask why it has become frivolous, we confront again the phenomenon which I have deprecated—the disposition to separate Truth and Life. Why is our latest learning empty and vain and mad? Because it has become an eagerness for knowledge, considered merely as a pleasantly exciting novelty; instead of (what it should be) an enthusiasm for Truth as a divine law to be loved and obeyed. To know the Truth and not to do it, is to derange and mutilate the human mind, body and soul. God has so ordered the world and so framed man, that perception without application is constitutionally injurious. Nothing is more certain than this; it is a commonplace of philosophy; it is illustrated by the effect of music and of all physical, mental, and spiritual stimulants. For perfect sanity and health, perception *and action*, seeing *and doing*, knowledge *and obedience*, must go hand in hand.

Now, I do not accuse the prevailing intellectual activity of being ignorant. It gives us no little interesting information; it is entertaining; its announcements are faintly thrilling, and, I doubt not, for the most part true enough. But at the best they are only interesting and clever. I fault it because it has nothing for us but these nice, exhilarating, clever things. I suspect it because it gives us too many men who consider they have done a day's work if they have made an epigram; I suspect it because it knows more of the construction of the Elizabethan proscenium than it knows of the human tragedy of to-day; because it has more energy for a study of the philosophy of the comic in fiction and the drama than it has for the wiping away the tears of living men and women.

Oh! it has studied modern society—and from more such studies God defend us! It knows scientifically every sort of character that walks the streets or stands in drawing-rooms. It has watched the interesting phenomena of their consciences and their hearts; it has measured and analyzed their agonies,

and has gathered much data most useful in supplying us with decorative and becoming emotions. But what does it all come to? Who acts? Who takes the revelations of the modern novel home to himself?

The case is by no means new. It is as old as the New Learning. The earliest representatives of the movement were Pius II., Sixtus IV., Julius II., Alexander VI.,—monsters under the tiara. Its first patrons were the Medicis and the Borgias. It had in those days its Marcilio Facino who hung a lamp alike before Plato and the Blessed Virgin, its Cardinal Bempo who declined to read the New Testament for fear of corrupting the elegance of his Greek. While Wiclif was translating the Bible, Boccaccio was penning the *Decameron*; while the knightliest of men was recording the fair dream of *Utopia*, the most depraved of politicians was writing the *Principe*. The fact is, progress in learning by no means goes hand in hand with triumphant morality. Increasing wisdom, culture, love of the Beautiful and interest in unfolding Truth do not of necessity imply higher living. I forget for

the moment the deeper truth that to know truly is to do truly, and that that is not Knowledge which has not passed into Life, and I say this. Deeply considered, all wrong living is from lack of knowledge; sin is essentially error, and the evil-lived Humanists were not wise. I lay this consideration momentarily aside, and I say that it is a commonplace among those who reflect upon the phenomena of human life, that there is a learning which exhilarates and tickles the brain, but makes no appeal to the will; that there is a disposition to be interested in Truth as an abstraction unrelated to the concrete duties of life. I have not meant to exaggerate the degree in which this modern day yields to that disposition. The form of my arraignment may have been too severe, but no observing person will charge that it is groundless. Our devotion to Truth to-day is sincere; our zeal for scientific accuracy is great; our tastes are delicately correct; our emotions are carefully trained. We know the poems, the pictures, the sentiments, we ought to admire, and the degree to which we ought to admire

them. But with all our keenness of appreciation of abstract Truth, it is certain that we do not insist that perception shall pass into action. From its incipency, this failure has attended the Humanistic movement, and the prevailing characteristic of this its latest day is that it is well informed, keen, devoted to education, subtile in analysis and speculation, and not correspondingly serious in living; its intellectual vigour, not guided by serious purpose and attached to the springs of action, is being frittered away in the follies which make men of more depth of thought and character suspicious of its cleverness, distrustful of its achievements, and which dispose them to return to the remote past.

I am expressing no agreement with this disposition; I am trying to account for it. Were my opinion required, it would be that, with all its disappointments, the thought movement of the last four centuries has been one of unmistakable progress. Much of the vaunted New Truth, indeed, is in point of fact very old. Not yet have we moderns quite re-attained the rich splendour of

thought of the Christian Greeks, their vigour of vision into things profound. Not yet do we wield again as easily as they the mighty language of the Fathers. Yet we are to-day, as never since their age, reproducing the largeness of outlook and the modes of thought of that early time ; and we, moreover, possess a fulness of accurate knowledge concerning the universe with which it was unacquainted. Almost we are great. Almost we stand masters of the centuries in thought. Almost! Mere failure is so terrible! Real attainment lies just beyond. Shall we fail? Shall we fall back? I praise the New Learning, but I point out that it has reached its limits, and has not reached the goal. Alone it never can. It is not a complete movement. I go back to the profound truth put aside awhile ago. To know is to do. Complete Knowledge can come only with utter Obedience. I plead for a union of hearts to make possible the consummation of the New Learning;—I plead for a New Obedience! Yes! let us call it by that name. Let us found here, now, in these last years of the century, a

movement to whose banner we can summon the brave and great-hearted. Claiming for a nobler use that word which a novelty-loving age has so profaned by fastening to its follies, acknowledging its instinct, which is still divine, let us hold up before it something New, which is yet stern and royal, worthy to command large souls,—a New Obedience to the Truth of Almighty God. Let the New Learning pass into a New Loyalty. Promulgating no new doctrine; proposing no novel theory, no untried social scheme, no extension or interpretation hitherto unsuspected; let us ask only for a new, a passionate enthusiasm of Obedience, which shall pour its tides around the world, and set men demanding why the thoughts, the dreams, the hopes of the past, should not be given realization and actuality.

All these wonderful things which modern Science has discovered, and Art pictured, and History illustrated, and Philosophy proven—either they are true, or they are not true. If they are not true, then let us throw them away, and have done, and go back to barbarism. But if they are true, then they are

terribly and absolutely and anyhow true, and have tremendously to do with our daily lives and duties, as well as with our tastes and mental pleasures; then they are not beautiful fancies floating bodilessly in the air, but eternal principles demanding to be given flesh and bone in the deeds of those to whom they have revealed themselves. Let us have done forever with this dilettante nonsense, and either openly defy, or honestly accept Truth for what it is—stern, severe, and inexorable as it is fair, and requiring not to be talked about, but to be practised, not to be wrought into clever treatises, but to be obeyed. Has not all our learning taught us this as its supreme lesson?—that Knowledge must pass into Life? Does not the highest philosophy alike of Art and Society, announce that *Æsthetics* and *Ethics*, the logic of Beauty and the logic of Duty, are at base one? Is not the final declaration of Science this?—the universality of Law; that is, the Authority of Truth? Has History any other lesson than that of the vanity of defiance by kings or empires or churches, of the divine Will who orders human concerns?

Has our modern psychological introspection any newer teaching than that given by One long ago, that if any man will do the will, he shall know of the doctrine;—that is, that the price of Truth is its practice; that nothing is so illuminating as Obedience?

Has not the time come to hearken to these voices? Is not this age, so great even in its follies, of stuff to be great also in nobler fashions? Is there not heroism among us, children of the world's old age, to set about sternly enquiring of every revelation of the true and the beautiful that is made, "What wilt thou have me to do?" and then to set as sternly about doing it, without hesitation or regard for expediency, stopping at no sacrifices, careless of apparent results? Are there not among us men who, feeling Knowledge within them calling to Action, will heed its importunity, and highly resolve under God, that His Truth shall be obeyed!

You see instantly how vast are the results for which the New Obedience looks, as it reaches out and claims its disciples from the

ranks of men who, from varying points of view, have seen each his aspect of Truth, and are now to practise it. What would the world be if the visions that come to our students in these days of scientific wonders and historical illumination were to be to them what the vision on the Damascus road was to St. Paul?—if, as they trace and measure the movements of the past, and explore the secret chambers of nature, finding everywhere unity, purpose, promises of the triumph prepared for Love, in library and laboratory they should hear the voice of God calling to them: “This is My eternal Truth, My command to thee. Take it up as the rule of thy life. Listen, and obey!”

What would it be if his zeal for law and facts were to inspire every scientist with the determination to found his personal character upon them?—if philosophers felt the obligation to set forth Truth in their lives, as they do in their books?—if composers of music were to undertake to be themselves as full of harmony as are their works, or painters to become in character as beautiful as the pictures with which they delight us?

We have made the world splendid by a mental, a theoretical devotion to Truth; but we shall make it incomparably more magnificent and beautiful when we give ourselves body and soul to Truth in the practical relations of commerce, politics, and society.

Consider what marvellous secrets of the world would be wrung from it by the operation of that principle to which I have in a word referred,—the illuminating power of Obedience. “*They said unto Him, Master, where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and ye shall see.*” Truth must be followed; then it leads to deeper Truth. Of every new revelation in the career of the race in the path of knowledge, it must say, “I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.”

You apprehend, I am sure, that the subject is too great to be more than suggested in an address like this, to be more than sketched in such a course as this is to be. My purpose is, however, on these Fridays in Lent to indicate a little more definitely what the results of such an Obedience as I have proposed will be in what we are accus-

tomed to think of as the distinctively Christian field; that is, what will ensue when men who call themselves Christians begin seriously to accept and really to obey the plain commands of the historical personage Jesus of Nazareth, commands which heretofore we have been satisfied to quote with appropriately pious unction, and dismiss with religious alacrity. Here also I can do no more than indicate, and if these mere hints interest, or, it may be, trouble and amaze, anyone,—how much more mightily shall the world be moved when some God-appointed prophet shall pursue the demands of Obedience to the end, and make the ultimate and inevitable applications to business and society of the Christian principles which we now profess,—and hold so lightly!

As we pursue our enquiries, we shall be compelled to severe arraignment of the maxims upon which the intercourse of society is conducted, and the theories upon which its institutions are founded. We shall discover that the literal and heroic acceptance of Christ's words as meant to be obeyed, will force us to profoundly modify the con-

duct of our individual lives, and to be prepared for far-reaching changes in society, which is now organized upon principles directly contrary to those proposed by Christ. We shall be led to superlatively heart-searching enquiry into our real relation to our religion; we shall be obliged to consider whether we truly hold, or merely profess it. For the very essence of religion is the subordination of the present interests of the individual to the larger interests of mankind; in that scientific and beautifully accurate as well as thoroughly supported language with which Mr. Kidd has lately made us familiar, Religion is that which provides an ultra-rational sanction for the subordination of the interests of the individual to the interests of the social organism; a sanction, that is, for social conduct.¹ In plainer words, a religion is a belief which moves men to be unselfish, which teaches them to sacrifice themselves for their brothers. As we look about on the tragic spectacle of humanity's life-drama; as we see the conditions under which the far greater portion of its children come into the world;

as we consider the hard lot of the patient millions who bear the burden of the world's toil, and the scarcely less unhappy circumstances which condemn their envied neighbors to the care of wealth, and bind them down to places in a system in whose grasp also their hearts are crushed and ground; as we hear the recriminations of the envisaged classes, and see based on the fabric of political equality the most obvious social and material inequality; as we see the pursuits of peace carried on upon the theory of war, and with the same mercy,—shall we not have reason to ask ourselves why, if we truly believe in our religion, its sanctions do not induce us to social conduct; why, after nineteen centuries in which to contemplate the life of our Blessed Lord, the adorable mystery of His humiliation, the stupendous and unexampled sacrifice of Calvary, we have not learned to practise Love and Sacrifice, why we have not seriously set about building up the Kingdom for whose foundation He laid down His life? That enquiry we shall have to make.

We shall have to examine, sometimes

word by word, Christ's spoken and recorded commands, which, perfectly understood in their literal sense by His contemporaries,—who, understanding, hated and crucified Him,—worldly theology has refined upon until they mean very little that is in conflict with selfishness and ease. The restoration of their primitive meaning and force to those commands, and the unquestioning submission to them of men, of states, of the Church, we shall find demanded, not only as at all times by fairness and honesty, but in an especial manner demanded by the exigencies of this hour of social travail. The world is tumultuous with undefined hopes; murmurous with inarticulate expectancy. The vision upon men's souls of an ideal society, is stirring them with divine discontent. That vision is of nothing else than of that for which Christ taught us to pray, "*Thy Kingdom come,*" and the New Obedience looks for nothing less than its peaceful and steadily more perfect realization as the fact becomes recognized that Jesus Christ was a social teacher, and that He gave literal, plain, explicit and exact directions for social conduct.

These directions we must enquire into, and fit ourselves intelligently to obey, by studying the example of Obedience set by Him who gave them. For Christ himself "*learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and having been made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him.*"

O LORD, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people who call upon thee ; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same ; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

II.

THE CODE AND THE ISSUE.

THE CODE AND THE ISSUE.

A FEW months ago, a distinguished Arian divine, preaching at Harvard University, took up for consideration certain of those acts of Jesus of Nazareth which seem contrary to human wisdom, and certain of those commands of His which do not commend themselves as practicable, nor, all the circumstances of modern life considered, as expedient. "What," said the preacher, "shall we say of these? Are we bound by them, in defiance of our common sense and our enlightened Christian judgment? No! We must conclude that these are the mere details, incidental and unessential; partly of local and temporary expediency, and partly the enthusiastic excesses of a reformer, the extravagances of a God-intoxicated idealist. And besides, Jesus was a poet. Many of His sayings are poetical; whole discourses fall into the form of verse. The beautiful, the matchless *spirit* of Jesus's life will ever remain an inspiration to the highest living;

His actual words and acts must not, of course, be allowed to weigh against our practical common sense.''²

It is a comfortable teaching. It rather effectually appeals to us all. In fact, it expresses the notion,—not in many cases, perhaps, admitted in words,—upon which we order our lives. But I have stated, only to challenge, it; only, in the name of the Church and the Catholic faith, to take distinct and unequivocal issue with it. It is a teaching which those who believe in Christ and His divine authority cannot accept. It is a teaching which the Church denies on every page of her formularies. It is a teaching which is plainly repugnant, not only to a few of His phrases and to isolated acts, but to the whole course of the life of Him whose spirit it professes to honour. One who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, could have done nothing of merely temporary and local significance. The Type and Ideal and Pattern of humanity could have indulged in no extravagances. If Jesus Christ be what He claims to be, we are not at liberty to measure His acts and words by any standard

of our own; we must rather accept them as the standard by which our impulses and opinions are to be measured and judged. The exact conditions amid which He lived will never surround any of us; the sequence of events which, so far as external influences did so, determined His career, will never follow any of us. This gives us no right to disregard His example; the numberless circumstances and events that influence us do find their parallels in those of His Galilean days. While as for His spoken words, few of them have special relation to the events that called them forth, or are qualified by the circumstances of their utterance. They are almost entirely sermonic,—statements of universal principles, and of the application of these to situations of which human lives are full.

Take that series of commands made by Jesus at the beginning of His ministry. The Sermon on the Mount was given out under the open sky, in the daytime, before a gathering of plain men whom Jesus well knew would take His words as uttered literally and in all sincerity,—men quite incap-

able of the fanciful conceits by which we moderns evaporate their meaning. Common sense requires us to believe that He intended His words to be interpreted by precisely those canons which are applied to the words of other men. Decent respect for Christ's good faith cannot admit that He used human words, addressed to human beings, in any other sense than a downright, plain, human one. He who is the Truth, speaking the truth, spoke the language of an honest man.

Beginning His teaching by the declaration that the poor in spirit are blessed, He bade His hearers rejoice and be exceeding glad when they were persecuted. He told them not to resist him that is evil; to love—to love, not to tolerate, to love—their enemies; to turn the other cheek when one had been smitten; to give the coat when the cloak was taken away. We are asked to believe that this is poetry. So it is. It is perfectly easy to see its metrical form; justifiable to delight in its literary beauty; on occasions, I have myself lectured on the art of Hebrew versification, and contended that this discourse

illustrates it. It is the highest type of poetry,—but it is that because it is the speech of truth, twin-born with the music in which it is uttered. Scan it, count its numbers, sing it, if you choose; there it is, nevertheless:³ *Ye have heard, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say to you, that ye resist not him that is evil. Give to every man that asketh thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not back. From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away. If ye lend to sinners, to them from whom ye hope to receive, what thanks have ye? Even sinners lend to sinners, to receive as much again. Love ye your enemies, and do them good, and lend to them, never despairing. (This is a hard saying; who can hear it?) Bid to your feasts those who can make no return. Do not gather a fortune; lay up no treasure on earth. Take no thought for clothing, nor for food. Live from day to day; to-morrow will take thought for itself.*

Now either this is lunacy, or it is divine wisdom. His friends of those days said, “He is beside Himself.” It is a favorite

charge against men who are not satisfied with things as they find them. Festus was only one of many who thought St. Paul mad. No reformer has escaped the imputation. But especially it is not strange that the friends of Jesus questioned His sanity. No programme ever equalled His in boldness and apparent folly. Let us admit it. Coming from anyone else, these sayings would be suppressed as insane and dangerous. Coming from Christ, they are merely disregarded.

But we have by no means seen the worst of this madness. Consider the inducements which Christ holds out, the rewards He promises, to those who will follow Him. He certainly pledges that God will give them what is good for them, but He makes it plain that that will most often be what we esteem the most dreadful of ills. Guarding against any possible misapprehension about it, He is constantly telling His hearers that poverty, hatred from all men, enmity in their homes, persecutions, scourgings, and death in the world await them. Some of those who heard this, and believed Him,

walked no more with Him, but went back. Some of us, if we believed it, would hasten to join the retreat. They called the Master *Beelzebub*, he reminded them; what would they not call the servants! Here is one of the tests He gave them: "*Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!*"

Warning them of persecution, He told them not to be anxious how they should make their defence before their judges, for it would be given them in that hour what they should speak.

One day He came in when they had been disputing as to who was the greatest. He took a little child, and set him before them as a pattern, and told them that they must become like that; told them that he who is the least is truly great, and that he who would be first should be last of all. The night before the Crucifixion, He went to each, and solemnly washed his feet, and when He had finished, said, "*If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet.*" The rite is preserved by a part of Christendom, in its outward form; its practice as a rule of life,

—the practice of service even to humiliation,—does not seem to have commended itself to Christians generally.

Jesus took no account of money, either for His own use or for the extension of His Kingdom. He denounced the love of it. He forbade its accumulation. When the Pharisees, who, St. Luke says, were lovers of money, scoffed at Him because of this teaching, He told them that “*that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.*” Jesus provided no fund for carrying on the work of His Church.

With equal audacity He declined to recognize payment as the proper reward of toil. If His utterances about laying up treasures are confusion to capitalists, the parable of the labourers who went at different hours into the vineyard, and yet received every man the same penny, upsets all human labour schemes. With perfect indifference, He once, at least, allowed a large sum to be wasted, as some thought, in a pleasant ointment for His feet.

As to His judgment concerning those possessed of wealth, we have to reckon with

these facts: He said, twice at least, probably oftener, to His amazed followers, that it was a hard thing, a thing impossible except with God, for a rich man to enter the Kingdom. The only rich man who, so far as we know, volunteered discipleship, turned away in sorrow when he was told to sell his estates for the benefit of the poor. As the verdict of God upon success in the accumulation of wealth, He pronounced the man who was enlarging his storehouses,—a “fool.” One day “*He lifted up His eyes on His disciples and said, ‘Blessed are the poor (οἱ πτωχοί; literally, the beggars). Woe unto you that are rich!’*” Those are His words. I find no pleasure in them; no satisfaction, certainly. They are strange and amazing words; but upon considering them and the many like them, we may be prepared to believe that Jesus was not giving expression to a sentiment, but to one of the primary laws of His Kingdom, to a conviction which must take possession of those who would be its members, when He said, “*Not in the abundance of a man’s possessions consisteth his life.*”

Strange and bewildering indeed to ordinary standards are Jesus's conceptions of human life and its proper conduct. As I have meditated upon His life and words, I have been at a loss to conclude which were the most wonderful: the character of the Kingdom He talked of; His calmness of spirit and absolute simplicity of manner in describing its constitution; or the serene confidence with which He seemed to look for obedience and to dream of nothing but success.

The words which we have been considering were uttered without qualification of any kind by one whom we call Lord and Master. I submit to you, as in profound gravity I do to myself, that we are here face to face with an issue than which none in heaven or earth can be more serious. Are these words to be obeyed, or are they still to be ignored, despised and rejected? Are they to be compounded with Machiavellianism and made palatable with glosses from *Poor Richard's Almanac*, or taken as they stand? Is here not the old issue between faith

and lack of faith? We pretend to accept Christ as the Way, His teachings as the Rule of Life, and we deny them, openly and unblushingly repudiate them, at every turn. We hardly even trouble ourselves to think out a method of evading them. We sit in judgment upon them; such as do not seem convenient and expedient, we fancy He *could* not have meant, and we therefore conclude that He *did* not mean them.

With perfect freedom I admit that it is not easy—nay: that it is quite impossible—to vindicate the wisdom of many of these precepts. Are we therefore free to cast them away? Is it necessary that they should accredit themselves to our judgments? Wisdom is justified of her children. If any man will do the will, he shall know the doctrine. Is it not conceivable that these—as they seem to us—short-sighted and impracticable directions, might, if they were tried, be found wise and far-sighted? But I am not concerned now to demonstrate the wisdom—as to earthly things—of Christ's commands. It is enough that they are His commands. Their wisdom may be—nay:

certainly is—of another kind than ours. When we consider the flowers of the field, and His words, “ *Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on,*” do we not rise to a glimpse into a higher and wiser and happier state, in which human lives, no longer sordid and self-seeking, are apparelled in the beauty of lilies and the glory of kings ? Do we not, when we read these high commands, so heedless of the conditions actually prevailing here, even now catch swift views of another land in which we might be living, an earth of which St. Peter spoke in a phrase full at once of humour and indignation and sorrow and hope, “ a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ” ?

An earth so unlike this one that we can hardly believe in its possibility. It took a Christ to conceive it. An earth upon which when we made a dinner, we should invite the poor, the lame, and the blind, *because they have nothing with which to recompense*, refusing to bid our friends and rich neighbours, *lest haply they also bid us in return !*

An earth upon which men obeyed this law: "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.*" Do you observe the language? Not "a little less than ye would have men do to you"; and not "all things whatsoever ye have reason to expect men will do unto you." And the rule is universal in its application; it has no limitations, no qualifications; it is peremptory.

It seems therefore plain that Jesus Christ left those who would be His disciples an ethical code. To say this, is by no means to deny that His life and mission are infinitely more than those of an ethical teacher. He is the Christ, God incarnate, the temporal manifestation of the Eternal Love, but, being so, He is no less a Teacher and a Master. Union with Him in the sacred mystery of His indwelling is not won through despising His physically uttered commands. If His words have a higher and more sacred meaning than that of mere directions for conduct, that cannot be contrary to the first plain and literal meaning. If faith in Christ is the great and alone sufficient requisite for

salvation, that faith is not displayed in a lack of faith in His programme for the life of His followers.

Is it not, I repeat, just lack of faith, infidelity, disbelief, that leads us to explain away these words, adopting the easy evasion that they are the hyperbole of poetry, or the exceeding enthusiasm of an idealist? I wish I could believe it, but to my wish, my reason replies that the disciples did not discover this. They laboured under the delusion that Christ meant what He said, and they believed it all not a visionary, but a practical, thing. I read in St. Paul's letter to the Romans,—and I never heard that called poetry,—along with those sober exhortations to hospitality, to diligence in business, to honesty—the commands, to us so strange and unbusiness-like: *Prefer ye one another.* (Now prefer cannot mean enter into competition with, and undersell if possible.) *Bless them that persecute you; if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.* Moreover, as I read the story of the early disciples, given in the Book of the Acts of the Blessed Apostles, I learn that the whole

Church understood Christ literally in His words about treasures of earth, and accordingly its members resigned all that they had, "*neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common.*" Notwithstanding this unbusinesslike policy, we have it on good authority that "*great grace was upon them all, neither was there among them any that lacked,*" and that they were had in favour of all the people, and that their numbers rapidly increased. Ah! but those were unusual times. Truly were they unusual times! But why may not these also be unusual times?—unusual and glorious! Is it not still Christ's command: "*Arise! let us go hence,*" out of an age of competition and selfishness into a better day of truly Christianized society founded on Love!

I am obliged to reply further that Jesus himself seemed to have mistaken this that we are asked to believe is poetry for downright prose, and that He did not, on the whole, exhibit the symptoms of aberration. He seemed to have perfect confidence in the extraordinary method He recommended.

He practised it, and with results of the most marvellous success. Anyone familiar with the barest outline of the life of Jesus knows that there is not a phase of self-renunciation, of heedlessness of material things, wealth, honour, ease, and pleasure, that He did not typify; His whole life is so opposed to human maxims, His plans are so short-sighted, His methods so foolish, judged by our standards, that we are accustomed to say that His is a story which no novelist or legend-maker could or would have invented. Diplomacy was excluded from his methods. Force, pomp, political artifice, however honest—none of these things would He employ. With truth does Pascal say of the method He used in founding the Kingdom, “He took the way of perishing, according to human calculations.” A life lived in poverty in the most despised part of an insignificant province,—not in Athens or Rome, where He might have been appreciated; spent in denouncing the nation’s great men, whom He might have propitiated and employed for His ends; His companions a dozen fishermen, peasants, a tax-collector and the like,

—one of them a bandit,—and a handful of women; His speeches occupied in telling men how hard it would be to follow Him; a life spent like that and ended on a cross, His friends fled, His very name apparently to be forgotten, as have been those of the thieves between whom He hung,—what a mistake, what a pitiable failure, how utterly vain and foolish!

Nay, rather, how divinely wise! The foolishness of God is wiser than men. Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? I invite you to turn over in your minds and hearts this reflection: If Christ, when in flesh upon earth, practised the rules of life which He recommended, would not we do well seriously to consider whether they are not also for our practice?

And if, conceding that Christ meant His words literally and not poetically, they still seem madness, I point not now, as later I shall, to the victories of the Cross, but I ask you to notice how in Christ's thought the extravagant and mad maxims which He uttered and lived by, are grounded in the very processes of the universe, in the very

principles according to which God's government of the world is administered. Jesus says, Love your enemies, lend without expectation of return, offer the cheek which has not been smitten, "*in order that ye may be the sons of your Father who is in heaven. For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust.*" Jesus is simply advising us to act on the plan on which God acts. If it is senseless for Him, then it is for us. To refuse the programme of Jesus is to repudiate the world-order, and flout the wisdom of God's rule, for it is just that that Christ recommends to us. Surely we would not have the divine plan of dealing with men changed, and surely we perceive that its folly is wisdom. Is there anything to compare with the victory of that Love which in singular fashions and in mysterious providences worketh in the world, turning to its account the wrath of man, allowing, and yet always appropriating for its own ends, evil and human disobedience, and in spite of all hindrance and unwillingness, triumphantly realizing its aim? In a

triumph of divine Art (*τέχνη θεοῦ*), the good God gives Himself, in His world, in His word, in His sacraments, in His Incarnate Son, and gives His holy purposes for us, over into the hands of men; exposes Himself in all this to misunderstanding and contumely, and yet does it all in such a way that in its surrender, divine Love reveals its invincibility, its world-subduing omnipotence.⁴ Christ invites us to participation in that divine programme. Is it such madness?

I propose to you whether it is not possible that Jesus had a definite conception of a redeemed human society, whether that conception may not be eminently sane, and all others short of it imperfect and irrational; and whether we would not do well to study the principles which He announced, and the commands He gave, and to enter upon their obedience.

Concluding the great address in which chiefly He gave the commands of which we have been talking, Jesus uttered a parable which it may be well especially for this time to lay seriously to heart. "The end of the

century'' is a phrase whose unaccustomed accents the world is beginning again to hear. It is uttered everywhere with hope and dread by the earth's expectant peoples. Well will it be for the social institutions—all so sorely beset by the challenge of advancing Democracy—which, having heard these sayings, do them, for they shall be like wise men who built upon a rock, and over them the descending floods and the beating winds shall not prevail.

THAT it may please thee to give us an heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments :

WE beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

III.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

SEVEN times in the course of the Sermon before the Cross, Jesus repeated the commandment of Love, and as many times more, solemnly, in the name of His own Love, enjoined obedience to His commandment. We shall do well gravely to consider the meaning of that word "Love."

One thing is certain to begin with: We shall altogether miss Jesus's meaning if we substitute for His word, the word "respect," say, or "tolerate." It is equally certain that we shall fail to apprehend Him if we read "love" as if it were synonymous with "like." I do not suggest the possibility of this confusion because it is one into which schoolgirls fall, but because I believe that while most of us, through verbal instinct, use the words with substantial accuracy, the distinction between them is not clear in our minds, and because I believe that that distinction is an essential one. It is not, of course, a matter of degree; Love is more

than a great liking. Neither is it true that loving is restricted to animate objects, while liking need not be—a common notion of the distinction. We may, we should, love our Country, love Truth and Beauty and Justice—all inanimate objects incapable of making response. The distinction, I feel sure, is this: In liking, we think of a thing as valuable to us; in loving, we think of ourselves as valuable to it. Liking is egoistic; Love is altruistic. We like for our own sake; we love for the other's sake. We like a thing when it gives us pleasure; we love a thing when we desire to give to it pleasure or service or advantage; when our self ceases to be the centre of thought, and becomes as nothing—becomes a thing to be freely offered, a casket to be broken and poured out upon the head of the object of our love. Love is sacrifice unconscious of itself; the complete giving, the absolute surrender. It is a streaming outward of the inmost treasures of the spirit, a consecration of its best activities to the welfare of another.⁵ Love is a spendthrift, magnificent in its recklessness, squandering the very essence of the

self upon its object, and by so doing enriching the self beyond all measure. For in loving, the individual becomes reimpersonated in another; indeed, becomes what in isolation he was not—a person. In giving, he gains, himself; in losing, finds; in spending, receives, himself. It is forever true that he alone comes into possession of himself who pours himself out in love; that whosoever shall seek to gain (*περιποιήσασθαι*) his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life shall bring it to a new birth (*ζωογονήσει*). He who giveth his life to a son shall receive it as a Father; he who loseth his life in that of his country shall find his life as a Citizen; he who layeth down his life in service for men shall take it up as a Man. For what is a Man but the sum of his sacrifices? Here is a creature who will make none; he says to himself: “I will decline all relationships. I won’t take the trouble to be a Citizen. I won’t be a Husband nor a Brother nor a Son. I refuse to be anyone’s Friend. Let no man call me Employer or Partner. I will wrap myself in my own personality, and give

nothing of myself to others." What has he done? What is he? He is nothing, and has not a name. He has not found, but lost, himself. For to be neither Father, Son, Husband, Friend, Neighbour, Employer, nor Citizen, is to be—just nothing. You can give no description of such a being. He is not a Man, for manhood is attained just in the relationships,—the sacrifices,—which he has declined. What we see upon the street is not a Man, but only the centre around which cluster the relationships which constitute the Man. Would you be a Man, in the fulness of its meaning? Take up the relationships of life. Give yourself, and find yourself. Freely pour out your choicest possessions, and discover that returning tides bring richer ones. Enter into the fellowship of sacrifice.

St. John is merely making a scientific statement when he says that he who loveth not his brother abideth in death. The sacrifice of love thus is a blessing not alone for its object, but to him who sacrifices; it makes sorrow itself, and deprivation and loss and shame, lyric with joy. In the camp of Israel

and everywhere, it is when the burnt-offering begins that the song of the Lord begins also with the trumpets. The chief joys of life are these two: to love, and to be loved. The first is best. To be the object of affection may be gratifying, but that by itself offers nothing to compare with the deep and solemn joy of giving the soul in love, even unrequited and despised. He who said "*It is more blessed to give than to receive*" knew that to the full even when His Saviour's heart was breaking with rejected, but still infinite, love. Love is its own end and its own reward, as it is its own motive and reason. Isn't God happy in sending His rain on the just and on the unjust, His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good? God doesn't do that because it is His programme, but because it is the natural and necessary expression of the law of His nature, which is Love.

And so, to go now deeper into the subject, it is not because it is a happiness to love that God commands it, but because Love, being the law of His nature, is there-

fore the law by which order among men, by which human society, must stand. Whatever of social order there is among men to-day is the creation of the principle of Love. Society is organized sacrifice—imperfect as yet because there is as yet only the hesitating sacrifice of imperfect Love. The basis of society is not in eternal vigilance, nor in an agreement to maintain certain laws, nor in mutual respect, nor mutual toleration, nor mutual trust sufficient to justify a network of contracts. The basis of society is in Love. What are the institutions of society, the orders which hold it together and give it form? They are these three—the Family, the Nation, and the Church. These are all the creation of Love. Clubs, class associations, business partnerships, confederacies, religious societies of human origin—these things have their basis in contract, and they may be of temporary use, but there is for them no assurance of perpetuity. They do not belong in the scheme of the universe. They will have disappeared long ago, and have been forgotten, when the *Nations* and the *Kindreds*, in the city of the

Church triumphant, stand everlastingly before the throne, a perfect society.

I say further, that Love is the only positive and creative force that works among men. Its effect is always life-begetting and organizing. Whether it be in its lowest and earliest form, the yearning of brute for brute; or in that instinct, beginning already to exhibit the holiness of mother-love, which binds brute-parent to brute-offspring; or in that gladdening and beautiful affection in which youth and maiden join hands for better or worse; or in the later deep tenderness of the family ties; or in the passionate devotion of the patriot to his country; or, finally, in the enthusiasm for humanity in which the true Churchman, the love-penetrated man, takes upon himself vicariously the sorrow of the world's sin, and sets about deeds of helpfulness and saving—everywhere, I say, Love is creative, constructive, making for order, a law of organization and salvation.⁵ It makes no difference that it manifests itself in ignoble shapes, or that its highest forms are related to, or on some philosophy may be said to have their basis in, the physical instincts

implanted by natural laws cunningly working for the propagation of life. Its origin, as Professor Maccunn remarks,⁶ does not explain its end, and its initial motive but poorly suggests its final value. Even in its grossest forms sacrificial, Love has within itself the power of expansion and development⁵ into the holiest of social forces, and in the process of this development it passes out of the stage where it has to be excited by the pleasing of the eye, into a pure passion of a soul for a soul; and then out of that, ceasing to restrict itself according to the fancy, as the heart enlarges and beams upon the multitude of men and women, satisfied only to be lover of the world's soul, of the universal heart, and to spend itself in unreasoning sacrifice for even the mean, the ugly and the sinful of that family for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed and to die.

Ah! how feebly and superficially we have used the word. How little we have understood its divine meaning!

A few men have understood it; One, per-

fectly, because He knew it as the name of His Father, whose will—the will of Love—He had come into the world to do. Jesus gave us the perfect exposition of what Love is, and then He left it as what He called a New Commandment. But what was there new about it? Love was an old thing. Certainly the newness was in the fulness, the unreservedness, in which exercised, Love was indeed become a new thing, and for the first time worthy of its name. We are to love in the measure in which He loved, and loves. And how is that? Even with the uncalculating and supreme self-surrender of His passion, Who on the cross prayed for His murderers, and of His own will giving up His life, refused to give up the Love with which He loved His own unto the end.

Was He in earnest? Who can doubt it as he contemplates the tragedy of Calvary! And was He any less in earnest in desiring us to love than He was in loving? Is our Palm Sunday Collect using vain words when it declares that He took upon Him our flesh and suffered death upon the cross *in order*

that all mankind might follow His example? Is it not true that the purpose and end of His sacrifice is to inspire us to sacrifice?—that He fails unless He does so inspire us?—that the salvation which His blood accomplishes is just this and nothing else: the salvation of men from the isolation and chaos of selfishness to membership in a Kingdom of Love? He wrought, not some mysterious transaction in heavenly assizes, but a definite work among men, which, widening and increasing, is indeed more and more their salvation. His life did not aim at arousing in future generations tender and sentimental emotions; it aimed at making plain for concrete application the principle which is intended to rule in men's relations with one another. His utterances concerning Love are not rhapsodies, but scientific formulations of eternal social truths. Those specific directions for conduct which we were thinking of last week, largely seen, all interpret themselves as parts of the Law of Love, of which His career was the expression. It may be called the Law of the Integration of Mankind. To its obedience we are called

by the revelation of humanity's inevitable unity in interests and fate, which modern studies in unprecedented degree have made. The physical sciences, medicine, mental and psychological researches, combine in their results to impress us with the truth that in cause and destiny men are one. I am bound to you, you to one another and to me, not in a kinship, rather in a vital partnership, solemn and terrible in its responsibilities, its burden and its inspiration. The fate of the race is mine. Its sins I must bear in my own flesh; mine are wounds in its body. Is it not true that Christ's supreme effort was to persuade us of this?

It is true, and I venture to believe that days very close at hand are to acknowledge and act upon its truth to a degree unparalleled except in its acknowledgment and obedience by the primitive Church. It is not true—it is not true—that this is an age more cruel and selfish than past ones have been. Nice words indeed fail adequately to characterize its enormities of injustice, its deep-seated viciousness and cruelty. But

when we who see these things feel upon us the commission to cry out against them, let us not forget that it is something that we see them, that it is much that we think it worth while to cry out. The age continues in its wrongs, but it is conscience stricken. Never was there such sensitiveness to the sight of suffering. Never was there such interest in the searching out of class wrongs, and in the improvement of labor and living conditions; never such certainty of sympathetic reception for appeals for justice. Mr. Kidd, who, in Chapter VII. of his book, gathers the evidence on this point, furnishes most convincing testimony of the steady, unperceived triumph through the centuries of the Gospel as a social power. The Kingdom of Heaven is as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how. The social conditions under which the fathers of this generation lived are well-nigh inconceivable to us. But there is no stopping now. The institutions of society as it is now organized which do not commend them-

selves to the altruistic judgment are condemned already.⁷ All heart has been taken out of the defence of them; their defenders have no faith in their own cause. The conviction, the confidence, and the courage to-day are all in possession of those who lead the demand for realized brotherhood, the abolition of the competitive system, and the socialization of work.

I am in line, therefore, with the great movement which is the most imposing feature of modern civilization,—a movement whose significance we have hardly yet begun to measure, nor whose end to guess,—when I plead for a distinct recognition and obedience of Christ's commandment of Love; and I am preaching an enterprise upon which the world, without naming it, or stopping to inquire into its own motive, has already entered. Surely it is desirable that the world should know that its motive, and the law of its social evolution and salvation, is just that Love which Christ exemplified and enjoined. Surely it is desirable that the social revolution which it is the unmistakable mood of the age to proceed

with, should be saved from blunder and violence by the proclamation that it must be nothing else than the application of the law of Love to yet wider tracts of the life of man. Surely it is desirable that human society should be persuaded that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby it may be saved but only the name of Jesus Christ.

And, therefore, I cannot conceive any duty more imperatively laid upon the Church to-day than that of claiming, taking possession of, and guiding this revolution. And when we begin to meditate upon that duty, is not the question inevitably forced upon us, How shall we induce the world to accept the law of Christ, *unless we ourselves first fully submit to it?* And when we talk of the Church lifting and saving society, does not sometimes intrude itself the recollection of that troublesome and inconsiderate retort made to the complacent Pope?—"The successors of St. Peter cannot say, 'Silver and gold have I none.' " "Aye, neither can they say, 'Rise up and walk!'" —the retort which we try to think inconse-

quential, but which we yet fear has a certain logic. Is it, then, unlikely that we may have, with searchings of heart, soon to entertain the conclusion advocated alike by Kingsley and Maurice, together with many adherents of the Catholic restoration—the conclusion to which the Oxford movement looked, and with whose proclamation from the Church's pulpits London this very Lent is ringing—that there is a sane and rational Christian Socialism, which must be—not made a subject for agitation; not presented as a theory for the world's adoption;—but quietly and increscently embraced by the followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who bade His disciples forsake houses and lands for His sake,—if the Kingdom of Heaven is to triumph on earth?

I am submitting these questions to you. I feel their seriousness and my own inexperience too keenly to presume to answer them. Certainly the word which I have just used, "Socialism," connotes in the popular mind much that no Churchman, that no right-thinking man, can possibly look upon with favour. Is there not, there-

fore, all the more reason to claim it for a better, for a Christian, use, and to insist that, if—as it seems—it is to be the watchword of social progress, it shall mean no more, but also that it shall mean no less, than a New Obedience to the New Commandment to *Love one another?*

MERCIFUL Lord, the Teacher of thy faithful people ; Increase in thy Church the desires which thou hast given, and confirm the hearts of those who hope in thee, by enabling them to understand the measure of thy promises ; that all thy children may even now with faith behold, and with patience await, the consummation which as yet thou dost not plainly manifest ; through Jesus Christ our Lord.^s

AMEN.

IV.

THE COMING KINGDOM.

THE COMING KINGDOM.

THE leading illustrated weekly magazine of this country keeps standing in display type under its name, the words: "A Journal of Civilization." This journal maintains an ably conducted department called "This Busy World," in which are presented week by week interesting items relating to culture and progress. The number which lay upon my desk when I sat down to make the notes for this address, contained, among others, this note of civilization:

"An outrage which from time to time calls forth fruitless wails of indignation from the populace of San Francisco was again brought to public notice a few days ago. This is the throwing in (*sic*) the bay of thousands upon thousands of fresh herring in order to keep up the market price. This barbarous custom of dumping tons of fresh fish in the bay rather than allow the price to drop the fraction of a cent has been vainly attacked by the Harbor Commission. The fishermen have circumvented them by throwing their

cargoes over in the middle of the bay, where the State Board cannot reach them. The waste is particularly aggravating when one considers the possibility of distributing or selling such fish at low prices to the poor.”⁹

It is only one of many glimpses which any journal will give into the state of society in which we live. I select it because its scene is far away, and because, therefore, no interest of anyone here is engaged in it, and no one's resentment can be aroused by its recitation. But is it necessary to say that it is not an incident which is in the least out of line with the customary conduct of production and consumption as it goes on to-day? Doesn't everyone know that a vast amount of food daily goes to waste, while thousands of people habitually go hungry? Doesn't everyone know that the vast system by which things now are produced, prepared for use, distributed and redistributed for sale, and finally retailed, puts a fictitious value upon every article of food, clothing, comfort and luxury, and makes it necessary to maintain that value?—that it adds to the cost of every purchase, by rich and poor,

the cost of wasted labor, and all the unnecessary expenditure for advertising,—a species of warfare,—and the making attractive of rival establishments? I am not, nor during these addresses shall I be, denouncing those who prosper under this system. I am only pointing out certain facts which are connected with it. Among other such facts are these:

The necessities for satisfactory human life, in the lowest estimate, are:—pure air, pure water, pure food and a sufficient amount of it, a certain amount of clothing, protection from the weather, fuel for cooking and heating, possibilities of cleanliness, of adequate rest, and of decent privacy.¹⁰ Is it any secret that a considerable portion of humanity does not have these things?

To lift human life above the level of brute existence, to the above-mentioned necessities must be added:—opportunity for acquiring knowledge, for at least a little acquaintance with history, science, possibly with literature, philosophy, and art; opportunity to read books, see pictures, hear

music, witness the drama; opportunity for decent sober intercourse with others, occasional recreation in joyful gatherings, in the noble sports, possibly in travel. It is perfectly well known that more than half the race does not have these opportunities.

This is in the large, and, like all such statements, touches nobody with its pathos. It is when one goes out among these "masses," as we call them, and sees with his own eyes particular instances of abject want and unspeakable misery, that it begins to come home to him like the hurt of a stab or blow, that this should be. When for a little while he has gone into and out of tenements where light and pure air and cleanliness are luxuries for which their swarming tenants can never hope; when he has seen a thousand men, women, and children living—if the word will bear such a use—in one narrow court, under conditions in which it would be a scandal to kennel animals; when he learns the current wages of shirt-makers and shop-girls, and understands that they are not everywhere expected to live upon their pay; when he has seen a woman or

two—rarely a man; he can steal more easily;—dead from insufficient food; and when he sees, more pathetic than all this, the sad failure, the wretched futility, of charity against such odds,—he will perhaps wonder when it was that Christianity began to civilize the world, and how the world ever got along without it.

A few years ago it was a current question, seldom proposed, I believe, but with good results in awakened public conscience, “What would Christ do, if He came to this city?” The answer, dictated by the temper of the men who gave it, was generally a story of universal denunciation. There is enough that deserves denunciation. Nevertheless my own feeling is that if, to speak foolishly, Christ came to Boston, He would not walk our streets without seeing much to rejoice in. He would see not a few evidences that the city had begun to follow Him, though as yet a great way off, evidences of civic Christianity, of corporate discipleship. He would recognize as such the public schools, the city’s confession of

her duty in the education of her children. He would, however, very likely enquire how it was that, if we admitted the duty of beginning the education of every child, we did not also recognize the duty of doing away with conditions which make the later life of half the children such that there is no possibility of carrying that education on; such that their little glimpse into the world of light and beauty remains only a tantalizing remembrance, a sting, a breeder of disaffection and envy. He would commend us for the pictures and bits of statuary in the school-rooms, but He might ask us why, if this be a civic function, it is not also one to tear down the miserable rookeries in which many of these children live, and to demand the erection of respectable human habitations in their stead; why, if it is a municipal duty to teach the people to sing, it is not also one to give them reason to sing.

He would rejoice,—I know not in what else so much,—in that fair white temple of learning yonder, the Public Library, the chaste beauty of whose walls is the chief adornment of the city, and whose freely-poured

out treasures above all else furnish and decorate the life of the city's people, and in the fine freedom of that square in which it stands, claimed by the city for the public good, and with its surrounding public buildings witnessing to the fact that we do live, and are beginning to recognize that we live, a corporate life. He might wonder why side by side there, there need be three places of worship for those for whom His most solemn prayer was that they might be one, and why those edifices, specifically denominated "Christian," and professing to be the special exponents of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, are not, like those secular and non-religious affairs, the Art Museum and the Library, "Open Free to All." Christ was always unable to appreciate the practical difficulties that are to be met with in the world, and He might still be, as He showed Himself in Judea, quite unreasonable in declining to take account of the prevailing state of things. It is even to be feared He would be incapable of understanding why, if a Copley Square is good for the Back Bay, the

North End should have only a Copp's Hill Burying Ground.

His attitude, to speak directly, would, I apprehend, be one of commendation for all the beautiful and glad things which our recognition of our community, our vital partnership, has brought into being, and of insistence that that recognition of community should go on to its conclusion,—in the effacement of unsightly spots from the city's domain, the widening of streets, the provision of parks, the diffusion of knowledge, the setting up everywhere of creations of art, so that human spirits, wherever born into the world, might open their eyes upon something of that loveliness with which God has filled it; and, that all this might be, insistence that the people itself should assume the administration of—I will not undertake to say what—other public matters, as it already has of education and the postal service.

I decline at this point to discuss the practicability of this. I am content, not even pointing out to what extent Birmingham

and Glasgow have found it practicable, to say that Christians are not bound by considerations of practicability. We profess to have embraced an ideal, and that ideal demands that we increasingly conform to it, not only in our individual lives, but also in our social life. That ideal, I do not hesitate to express my conviction, is intolerant of the cut-throat scramble which we apotheosize as "the refining process of competition;" it knows nothing of that "deep ethical purpose" which the prevailing social economy hears "rolling, like solemn music, through all the strain and stress of the struggle for existence." As it is set forth in the unworldly words of Jesus which on other Friday noons we have considered, you will agree, it does not contemplate rivalry, competition anywhere, but everywhere love, the preferring of others to ourselves, the seeking of opportunities, not for success, but for self-sacrifice. It knows of struggle and stress, but of a different sort; not of men against men, but of men as a race, their cause one, their destiny one, fighting together the wars of humanity, but ministering

to each other, helpfully and tenderly, along the marches and on every stricken field. This may not be practicable; it may not be good social economy, but as sure as God lives, it is Christianity! It is what the foot-sore, sighing Christ, as He walks to-day through the joyless alleys where men stifle, where women bear deformities for children,—this is what He looks for, and prays the Father to hasten; this is what, in the slow process of the centuries, He is bringing about. If we don't want it to be brought about, we ought in honesty to abjure Him and His teachings, and like the Gadarenes, beseech Him to depart out of our coasts. If we don't think a society built on the principles announced by Christ desirable or feasible, very well. Only let us remember that we have no right to reject Christ as a Master, Guide and Teacher, nay: as what He claims to be, a King,—and yet keep Him as the object of what we are pleased to call our devotions.

That we may not do. Neither have we any right to talk of the Kingdom of Heaven as a far-off æsthetic fancy, or as a goodly

place in another world into which saints and children too fragile for earth are gathered, when Christ talked of it as a social order which it was His mission to establish on earth.

Jesus Christ was not the originator of a doctrine. He was not the author of a plan for the salvation of souls out of the world. He was not a personage of beautiful character who may become to pious individuals the object of a tender sentiment. Jesus Christ is a King. He did not compose a volume of valuable morality; He wrote never a line, save one in the sand. He founded a Kingdom. He began His career with a formal statement concerning the nature of that Kingdom. He told many parables beginning "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto" this and that. He taught His disciples, and us, to pray for the coming of the Kingdom. He was tried for claiming to be a King. He affirmed before His judges that such He was. The inscription on His cross proclaimed Him a King, and the cross itself is the eternal symbol of the Law of Love, the Law of Sacrifice, which He, hav-

ing perfectly fulfilled, commends to us as the rule of His Kingdom.¹¹

Christianity is not an individual matter. Jesus was not primarily a teacher of individual morality, neither did He know anything of individual salvation. He was a Revealer of Social Ethics. His commands are not maxims of individual conduct; they are statements of great social truths. He did not spend His time telling men how they might save each his soul. He carried in His heart the vision of a redeemed and saved society, a universal Christian State, and every word He uttered, and every act He did, was in an effort to have that State, that Kingdom, realized in fact upon earth.

We cannot doubt that since He laid its foundation, the Kingdom has been slowly rising into view. But we cannot affirm that we have yet seen it in anything like its completion, nor that we have as yet any but the faintest notion of what it will be. We call our civilization "Christian" only in virtue of the promise which it gives of passing into the as yet almost undiscovered thing—Chris-

tianity. Very little right have we to call ourselves by His name, we who still maintain a thousand institutions and practices directly opposed to His plain commands.

The race of men has yet to realize its kinship, its indestructible unity. Yet surely we can perceive the slow birth of a new perception of this. A race consciousness, a social mind, a common human spirit, is it not awakening to know, and to wonder at, itself? Are we not learning to see ourselves in each other, and to see ourselves in a larger life and consciousness of which we are parts? learning, each of us, that in our own interest, we cannot be indifferent to the fortunes of any brother-man? that each of us must, in a measure, bear in our own flesh the sorrow of the world? that, as the Bishop of Durham exclaimed,¹² it is our own cause which is at stake there in the haunts of sin and misery, there also in the abodes of thoughtless luxury? that upon us every one is the burden of the essential, unescapable brotherhood, with its solemn responsibilities, and its yet magnificent inspiration?

And can we doubt that as this sense of

our unity grows in us, the Kingdom will come? What will it be when it has come? Probably it will never have come; it will be forever coming. But in its coming, it will do these things:

It will take command of the energy now spent in the effort—on the part of many, ineffectual—to gain the mere means of subsistence, and it will direct it to fruitful ends, freeing all men during the larger part of each day, for profitable recreation, reading, and public service.

It will relieve those who are now obliged to accept disproportionate rewards for their services, the rich, from that necessity, and set them free from the thankless and worrying task of administering wealth, giving them opportunity for happier and truer living.

It will abolish sweating, slums and idleness. It will stimulate invention, and encourage honest work in crafts and arts.

It will level,—level up, to the best of us,—the classes; “exploited” and “exploiters” will become words of forgotten meaning. It will bring it about that no man to whom God has given capacity for knowledge

need die ignorant, and that under the fair sky, on the earth of the smiling fields and the laughing waters, no man nor woman need beg, sell honour for bread, die or live in shame, wretchedness, or sorrow, unloved.

A dream! A Utopia! An enthusiastic vision! Yes. But Christ's dream.

To-day we have talked of the Kingdom of redeemed humanity, of the perfected social state, as an ideal, one toward which society is, possibly very slowly, working. There has been nothing in these reflections to alarm us; nothing to more than pleasantly interest us. The consummation of the Kingdom is in the centuries far ahead. We are willing devoutly to pray for it, from afar, and meanwhile we find living in the existing state of things, very pleasant.

There remains the question whether we living men and women have any duty in reference to the coming Kingdom beyond that of praying for it. It remains for us to ask ourselves whether any among us are called to lives so ordered that they will hasten the day when the ideal shall step forth into the daylight of reality.

THY kingdom come.

AMEN.

V.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

ONE day Jesus, “ *being asked by the Pharisees, ‘ When cometh the Kingdom of God ?’ answered them and said, ‘ The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation ; neither shall they say, Lo here ! or There ! For lo ! the Kingdom of God is in your midst.’ ”* ¹³

We have talked of it on these Friday noons, as the Pharisees thought of it, as if its coming were a far-off event, which, when it transpires, will revolutionize society, and make demands upon the consciences of men then living such as will sensibly modify the conduct of their lives. We feel it to be a duty to desire its coming ; we cheerfully offer our prayer for it. Some of us, in serious moments, grow earnest in wishing for it ; impressed by the shortcomings of the prevailing order, seeing the chance and injustice and cruel indifference to suffering which mark it, there are few of us who do not, in our better moods, long for the consummation of the Kingdom. There is

abroad a widespread, if on the part of some a gentle and unaggressive, hope for a coming better day, and a pretty general feeling that quietly, gradually, the old order changing, is giving place to the new. In the meantime, pleased and contented by the vision of the Earthly Paradise,

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wings against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

So we find comfort in assuming that the commands of Christ are intended to come into effect only when the Kingdom of Heaven has fully come. Then most certainly we shall be prepared to turn the other cheek, lend to every borrower, offer the coat to him who robs us of the cloak. In this present world, we do assure you, we shall do nothing so absurd. Those are millennial precepts. They are lofty and beautiful, but their impracticability at present is so manifest that we are absolved from the

duty of their obedience. We hope and pray the day will come when we may obey them, but—Christ never intended His people to starve. Were some of us disposed to accept them as intended for immediate practice, to renounce the accumulation of money, withdraw from competition, refuse to accept incomes from the labour of others, or to take advantage of rises in land-values brought about by movements of others—were we to consider such a course, our duty to our families and those dependent on us would prevent our entering upon it. The literal obedience of Christ's words is a conceivable duty under other circumstances; under existing ones it would be a palpable absurdity.

This is an objection much better founded than the cheap evasion which we considered two weeks ago, based on the assumption that Jesus was an enthusiast and a poet whose extravagances of speech can under no circumstances be entitled to regard. We are face to face to-day with the position which admits the authority of Christ's commands, but holds that they are intended to apply to those only who will be members of

perfected society, while we, who have our parts still in a society incomplete and imperfect, are, on account of practical considerations and practical duties therefrom arising, released from the obligation of present obedience.

Against this objection also, I am constrained nevertheless to maintain the authority of Jesus's words as directions for conduct to-day.

In the first place, I challenge the assumption that the ethical standard of Christ—that the commercial morality, say, of the Sermon on the Mount—is impracticable. What right have we to conclude that a man who, submitting to Christ's code, gives to every one that asks and turns not away from the borrower,—what right have we to assert that he will not succeed in business? Maybe not, but let the rule be tried before it is condemned. It happens that I know of one man who practises this rule. A few years ago, he had not a dollar of his own; to-day he says not a dollar he has is his own; he calls it God's, and holds it as God's trustee, but he has thousands, this poor

credulous disciple of the visionary Jesus, which keep him busy in the effort to spend them for the brightening of other human lives. I ask you if it is not at least possible that Love would prove as good a business principle as Competition; if it is not possible that such a command as "*Bear ye one another's burdens*" has import of advantage to banks, business houses, to nations; possible that neglect of such an injunction—laid upon peoples and government treasuries as well as upon individuals—as "*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth*" is certain to result in industrial and commercial distress? I have no doubt the Apostles gravely doubted the wisdom or practicability of Jesus's plan when He sent them out without provision or resources, but when they returned and He asked them, "*When I sent you forth without purse and wallet and shoes, lacked ye anything?*" they answered "*Nothing.*"

But it is not, it can never be, on this ground that the directions of Christ are to be followed. It is, I take it, quite a matter of indifference whether they minister to

worldly success or not. No man is worthy of the glorious company of the disciples of the Way, of the goodly fellowship of the Kingdom of Heaven, unless the casting up of profit and loss accounts has lost all interest to him. Christian discipleship is nothing, or it is complete and heroic disregard of all earthly prosperity. If the alternative be between disobeying Christ and starving, he only can with right claim the name of disciple who counts it joy to starve. The only question can be as to what really is the Master's intention and desire. We must, then, come to close quarters with that question.

Doing so, we shall find it difficult to discover any basis for allowing ourselves to think that Jesus's Kingdom, with its extraordinary laws, is something which is to come into effect by and by. It was heralded by the cry, "*The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!*" And when He came, Jesus did not preach it as a state of things which would one day come to pass, meanwhile Himself living comfortably in this present world; He proclaimed it as an existing fact. The work

of the Apostles was to preach, saying, "*The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.*" Men were to enter and take their places in it. He was a King, and His followers were to wear His yoke, and obey His voice. It was a fellowship of those who despised the show, the fashion of things, who were "of the truth." If He taught them to pray for the coming of the Kingdom, so did He to pray for daily bread, and if one petition was to be daily answered, so was the other. The continual prayer was to receive a continual answer. It was a fellowship of men who were in the world, and yet were not of the world. It was as the hidden leaven, whose unregarded working was to transform that in which it was concealed. It was a Kingdom which was to come without observation; the disciples could not point it out "Lo! here, or there!" and yet it was even then in their midst.

In point of fact, the one gigantic feature which distinguishes the Kingdom from all humanly conceived Utopias is just this: They are in the future; they are to be brought about. It *is*. Plato and More and

the modern builders of Altrurias dream of things that confessedly are in the future. Jesus taught that His Kingdom was at hand, in the very midst already. He Himself fully accepted its laws. He knew no others. Of the customs, usages, fashions of His time, He took no account. To Him any other social order than that of His Kingdom of Love was inconceivable. It is true that He found His plan impracticable as a method for immediate material success. He was ground under the heels of the society with which He would make no compromise. He did not, on that account, modify in the least His conduct. He simply would not reckon with prevailing conditions and what we account practical considerations. He lived in an ideal world. He lived in it as easily, as serenely, as if it were the world in which all other men were likewise living, as if He did not know that so living, His end was certain to be the cross.

In the light of His own life, His commands, so oblivious of the existing order, and yet uttered with such divine calmness, appear unmistakably to lay upon us the ob-

ligation of assuming the attitude which was His toward the world into which the providence of birth brings us, and toward the Eternal Kingdom. Christ does not contemplate a discipleship which asks whether His directions are possible, as things are. His servants are not to know how things are; they are to know only how they ought to be. They never hear Him in a single syllable recognize the necessity of getting on in the world, of maintaining one's dignity and position, of retaliating when wronged, even of providing for bodily wants. There are no such necessities; we are not to know of any. In the Kingdom of which we are members, self-humiliation, meekness, love, boundless in flow and infinite in capacity for sacrifice, thoughtlessness of to-morrow, are the necessities. We are to live as if the world were the Kingdom of Heaven. It alone is absolute, and its laws, and nothing short of them, are to determine our conduct. We have nothing to do with any other state of society; we cannot modify any particular of our lives out of respect for it. It may crush us; our duty remains unchanged.

Such, it grows plainer to me, was Jesus's deliberately determined programme for Himself and His disciples. Any other reading makes the Gospels a mass of inconsistency and His life the blankest nonsense.

If it is said that this is a standard of life inconceivably high, I reply that the counsels of God are indeed that high. It is, however, the standard of the Prayer Book. To refer to no more than a single illustration: in the Collect for the Ascension Day, we are taught to pray that we may in heart and mind ascend into heaven and there continually dwell. This is nothing less than a prayer for aid in fulfilling what I am concluding was the injunction of Christ: to forget and ignore this current world, and put our lives into the ordering of minds and hearts which dwell already in a consummated Kingdom of Love.

There is no time left in which to do more than suggest the concrete results to which such a submission to Christ and His Kingdom, on the part of living men and women, looks. That it would profoundly modify

the life of Christians, and make them indeed a peculiar people, is too plain to need saying. Obedience to the laws of a Kingdom, existing unseen in a world which meantime conducts its affairs on directly contrary laws, would require a thorough revision of most of the habits of our lives. It would require the giving up of much which some of us now prize, and the learning to enjoy things for which now we care little. It would simplify life on its material side, to enrich it, we may be sure, on its spiritual side. It would demand of us the wrenching of our affections from the luxuries and pleasures upon which now they are centred, that they might surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found. It would leave us the noble delights of music and the contemplation of the beautiful; it would set us free to learn the glory of earth and sky and sea, the luxury of a peaceful conscience, the pleasure of simplicity, the deep joy of sacrifice. But it would have the most serious requisitions.

In particular and at once, it would require a new scrutiny of titles to possessions and

of sources of incomes. Christianity does not, it seems to me, impeach the title to property. This I will not argue, for the reason that it is a conclusion congenial to the common sentiment, and few require to be persuaded of it. But that it changes, that it entirely changes, the character of such title, transforming it into an ownership in trust, must be insisted upon with importunate earnestness. Submission to Christ would require us to recognize, and to act upon the recognition of, the mutual indebtedness of all men to each other, to confess that no man has the slightest right to a single possession, to be held for his own sake, or otherwise than in trust for his brothers.

I cannot pass this point without speaking to it directly and definitely.

Permit me, so that I may not appear to assail any class or individual, to use myself in illustration of what I mean.

I have sometimes written stories which the magazines buy and presumably find a good investment. Who really composed those stories? Not I, I am free to say, to whom the checks in payment were made.

How could I have told the story of a shipwreck, but for the loss of the *Jason* that fearful night on the sands of Pamet, and the heroism of the Truro surfmen? How could I have conceived of a noble criminal, but for the boy in the condemned cell at Chicago whose last thought was to save his mother from disgrace? The tales were not mine, nor can any tale be its "author's"; they are the soldiers', the unfortunates', the heroes', the men's and women's who live. And, besides, who taught me to write? Who, with unrelenting scrutiny, trained my pen to do its work correctly and with directness? Who imparted to me the artistic sense of arrangement? Where did I get any quality of sympathy that may inform my style? What models have I had? After paying all these debts, have I anything to keep?

I have sometimes made and published studies of social and religious conditions exhibited in New England towns and cities. What right have I to make money out of the fact that certain mill tenements are ruinous and unfit for habitation, or that an unfor-

fortunate community is interesting in the division of its religious life ? I may pretend to answer, I have a right to do so because the community is not interesting till I have brought to bear upon it my superior keenness of observation and power of analysis; the tenements and their people might have rotted unheard of but for my personal courage in denouncing their owners' inhumanity. The chances are I have neither any particular power of thought nor degree of courage, but only an unusual opportunity (being free, by good fortune, from the necessity of unremitting toil) to look about for interesting subjects; or possibly, by acquaintance or connection, access to the reviews, which others do not possess. In other words, social conditions have unjustly favoured me, and upon this favour I am able to lay a tax.

Or if, for supposition's sake, I have intellectual power or a measure of personal fearlessness, whence came it ? Did I come by it in any way which makes it mine without a debt ? What of the great and noble souls (they rise before my memory; some are dead; some live and are unknown; some the

world honours;) from whom I have absorbed all that I can possibly claim of any good?

These addresses may be published. Suppose they were to sell well. Have I any right to the proceeds which the publishers turn over to me? Why is not recompense made my teachers? (always, on any conception of society, miserably underpaid;)—the nurse of my infancy? How much ought to go to those the knowledge of whose wrongs directly inspired me to choose this line for these Lenten sermons?—to the maimed pencil peddler the other day driven off Tremont Street here back into the region where his kind is permitted to exist; to that poor child in the night at Venice, whose hand with pathetic gesture crept so pitiably a moment from under her shawl, whose face was so timid and pinched, marked half with hope for a few centimes, half with dread of a curse, in the night filled with music and moonbeams and laughter—and sorrow? How much ought to go to the obscure tobacconist in Smithfield who sold me the copy of *Merrie England*¹⁴ from which I am borrowing this train of illustration?

And if I deny or evade these debts, and assert that *my* industry, *my* learning, *my* eloquence, *my* talent, have produced this book, I may still be reminded that I can't get a second copy of it out without borrowing the aid of thousands of the living and dead; dead men who invented letters and types and presses; living compositors, proofreaders, editors, business managers; and then can't sell it without the help of another army of men who make the newspapers I advertise it in, ragged boys on the street to cry the papers, postmen and expressmen to carry the book, shopmen to handle it. Have I the impudence to say, "*I* did this"? Still it is nothing unless men buy it. Suppose they could not read it? Suppose there had been no teachers of reading? To those teachers I owe a debt. What justice is there that can release me from the duty of acknowledging that the world has lent me its industry, its talent, in making this book?

Whatever you are, whatever you do, whatever you possess, you are, you do, you possess, because of others. You have not

made yourself; therefore you have no right to yourself. You do nothing of yourself; therefore you have no right to appropriate for yourself the gain from anything you do. For all you are, and all you gain, you are indebted to other men. The New Obedience—nay: the religion of Jesus Christ, with its calm and terrible justice—tells you that you must pay the debt.

I have no desire to represent the Way as more difficult than it really is; neither would I qualify the least particular for the purpose of making it less stern a thing. How to pay the debt is no easy matter to determine. I have expressed the opinion that the justice of the Christian ethic does not demand the surrender of property by those who control it, but that it does require the administration of property in the interest of those whose jointure it is. Were one disposed to release its possession, there is no tribunal constituted for its receipt. There is open to a proprietor none but a cowardly course, except in continuing in control of property to which no other can show better administra-

tive right, taking care that what personal advantages it bestows upon him be not withheld from flowing out to his fellows in deeds of ministry, and that no niggardly part be directed to specific tasks of public beneficence in intelligent exercise of the responsibility which has been providentially laid upon him.

It will, however, be found that the disposition of large parts of all increments and incomes will be determined by the plainest considerations of common justice. The rapid rises in values and the vast incomes which our social institutions enable individuals to appropriate, are usually traceable directly to movements or labours of others. To these others, then, they belong. There can no longer continue regarding these things the evasion which a less serious apprehension of human kinship hitherto has permitted. The time has come in which it must be plainly declared, with all the authority the priests of God can give the declaration, that unearned gains are immoral gains. The proprietors of business enterprises who would be Christians will carefully consider

who are actually the makers of their profits, and will distribute them equitably among those who earned them, reserving only their own just share. Most serious will be the conclusions which landowners and proprietors of money or invested funds must face.

There is in particular one kind of property to which no moral right can be pretended. Where land has been made, as we say, in the sea, or saved from wasting tides, some shadow of right to possession of it can be conceived, but to that which, in the nature of the case, no man could have had any part in producing, no man can acquire an honest title. The invalidity of land tenures is so clear that the conclusion seems inevitable that Christians should as speedily as possible free themselves from complicity in the grave wrong by which the common birthplace and inheritance of all is parcelled out among a few selected according to no principle of justice. An immediate requisition is that owners should with the greatest care set aside for the public benefit all land rents. Improvements are not involved in the collapse of title to the land on which they stand,

though it is manifest that such part of the value of improvements as is due to their location in the midst of a dense population, is justly the property of the population, and that increments in values caused by the gathering of a community, belong to the community.

Closely connected with the subject of rents is that of "interest." A perfectly plain duty is here laid upon those who undertake the obedience of Christ. By no Christian or moral principle can "interest" be justified. As a matter of abstract justice, it might conceivably be maintained that the lender should pay the borrower. In the wear and tear of the world, amid the deterioration to which all property is subject, it is an advantage to be able to hand over to another, for safe-keeping, wealth for which I have no present use, in the certainty of receiving it again undiminished after months or years. It is plainly unjust that my neighbour should accomplish this service for me, and yet be called upon further to pay me for allowing him to do it.

The practice of exacting rent for the use

of money is opposed not alone to every instinct of honour, but to justice. The dislike of its proper name, *usury*, is an indication that its shamefulness is instinctively recognized. It is only since the beginning of the commercial era that behind a euphonic name has been tolerated a practice which the absolute consensus of Christian thought reprobates. In no previous age has the Church had anything but the fiercest denunciation for it. In line with Greek philosophy, Hebrew legislation and even Roman jurisprudence, (neither the Law of the Twelve Tables nor the Institutes of Justinian countenanced it;) with the ethics of the Old Testament and of the New Testament, with the words of Jesus¹⁵ and of His Apostles, the whole line of Church Fathers and decree after decree of Church Councils forbid it. I assert that the entire body of Christian teachers speaks here with one voice. There is no character whom the Fathers so abhor and detest as they do the usurer. "If thou wert an interest-taker," exclaims St. Augustine,¹⁶ "thou wouldst be rebuked by the Church, confuted by the word of God, all

thy brethren would execrate thee." "How detestable, odious and execrable a thing it is, I believe even usurers themselves know." St. Chrysostom is continually thundering at the enormity of selling a kindness; he struggles for words with which to denounce what the Fathers regard as "the last pitch, the last extremity of inhumanity." "Nothing, nothing is baser than usury; nothing more cruel. Why, the calamities of others are this person's traffic; he makes gain of his brothers' distresses, and demands wages for being kind." Replying to the old and slender argument in which the fruitfulness of capital is alleged, he wants to know if the lender is not "ashamed of the very folly of the thing. For what could be more foolish, unless one were to expect increase without land, rain or plough?" St. Basil likewise demolishes the pretence that money can beget money, set up by those who "plant without land, reap without seed." The great Cappadocian, whose stern sense of right and keen logic have singled him out for denunciation by the modern money power as the primitive social-

ist, admits that there is possible "a breed of barren metal." "It may well be called a generation—a generation *of vipers*, evil offspring of evil parentage." The idea that good can come out of lending for "interest" surpasses, he declares, the riddle of Sampson. "Out of the inhuman come forth humanity? Men do not gather grapes of thorns, figs of thistles, nor humanity of usury. Twelve per cent. men! Ten per cent. men! I shudder to mention them. They are exactors by the month, like the demons who produce epilepsy, attacking the poor as the changes of the moon come round!"

Of later representative Christians,¹⁷ Bishop Jewell, after defining usury, describes its effects in language which is recalled by the disinterested conclusions of that most grim and terrible of contemporary treatises, Mr. Brooks Adams's *Law of Civilization and Decay*. The exaction of "interest" is, says the Bishop,

" . . . such a kind of bargaining as no good man, or godly man, ever used;

such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgment have always abhorred and condemned. . . . *It is a monster in nature ; the overthrow of mighty kingdoms ; the destruction of flourishing states ; the decay of wealthy cities ; the plague of the world, and the misery of the people.* It is theft ; it is the murdering of our brethren ; it is the curse of God, and the curse of the people. . . . Tell me, thou wretched wight of the world, thou unkind creature, which art past all sense and feeling of God ; which knowest the will of God and doest the contrary : how darest thou come into the church ? It is the church of that God which hath said, ' Thou shalt take no usury ' ; and thou knowest He hath so said. How darest thou read or hear the word of God ? It is the word of that God which condemneth usury ; and thou knowest He doth condemn it. How darest thou come into the company of thy brethren ? "

And of faithful priests of God in modern times, who have dared declare the law of His Church, one, preaching in Lombard Street itself, has used such words as these :

" I do openly declare that every minister and every churchwarden throughout all Eng-

land are actually perjured and forsworn by the 109th canon of our Church, if they suffer any usurer to come to the sacrament till he be reformed,—and there is no reformation without restitution. . . . And that ye may know what usury is forbid by the word of God, turn to Ezekiel xviii., 8, 13, and you will find that, whoever giveth upon usury, or taketh any increase,—mark it!—he that taketh *any* increase, above the principal,—not six in an hundred, but let it be never so little, and never so moderate,—he that taketh *any* increase, is a usurer, and such an one as shall surely die for his usury, and his blood shall be upon his own head. This is that word of God by which you shall all be saved or damned at the last day, and all those trifling and shuffling distinctions that covetous usurers ever invented shall never be able to excuse your damnation.

“Heretofore all usurious clergymen were degraded from Holy Orders and all usurious laymen were excommunicated in their lifetime and hindered Christian burial after death, till their heirs had made restitution for all they had gotten by usury.”

Such, without possibility of denial, has always been the Christian position as exhibited—until late days—in the actual prac-

tice of the Church, no less than in the uniform texts of its canons, decrees and definitions, and the consentient teaching of its Doctors and Fathers. In this particular, therefore, at least, I am calling, not for some new, unheard-of interpretation of Christian duty, but for the return of renegades and apostates to the standard adhered to with absolute unanimity through all the earlier centuries.

But the complexity of the modern social organization makes the ancient rule so much more difficult! It does not render it any less righteous. It would involve so much, —so many private fortunes, so many educational and religious foundations, even! It would disturb all values, it would upset the world! Why, the preachers of such a doctrine advocate revolution! Jesus was something of a revolutionist. He was executed in the name of good order. The Apostles were the detested social conspirators of their day. Everywhere they went, they set the cities in an uproar. They made no attempt to conceal it: they were seeking to turn the world upside down, saying that there is another King, one Jesus.

It is all very hard ? It is hard. Those who embrace the doctrine will suffer ? Truly they will. Their dependents will suffer ? All are involved in the common fate, and the innocent must bear the sins of the guilty. Many are doing that now, of necessity. Salvation will come when some voluntarily take up the burden. The way of salvation is the Way of the Cross.

The Way of the Cross—can none be found to enter upon it ?—Upon the answer which some perhaps of us will give hangs the decision in the minds of the millions living and to follow, as to whether Jesus Christ were a crack-brained poet, or very and eternal God in human flesh, assumed to persuade us, with the invincible convincing power of infinite love, how we ought to live ; Who died upon the Cross to give us strength to imitate His brave contempt for dignities and ease ; as to whether He were a phantom who performed a part and vanished, or is an eternal Saviour Who, in the guise of His majesty radiant through humility, infallibly dwells among His people still, bruised, wounded, covered with reproach, misunderstood, denounced,

—yet revealing Himself in deeds of midnight ministry by sick-beds and in godless streets, of sacrificial service to the ungrateful and despised; a Christ witnessed to, and shown, in the pure devotion of His faithful priests; glorified in the wide, uncalculating dedication to Him of their riches by those who have learned that riches have no value except in His service; triumphing in the heroism of men who in His name renounce all opportunities for legal and respectable, but unjust, gain; winsome with the loveliness of holy women who devote their lives to His service.¹⁸

On the decision of some between Obedience and rejection, it depends, I do believe in profound sincerity, whether Christianity is to be hereafter for the world a myth, a fable, a dissolving superstition, or the wisdom and the power of God for the salvation of the race of men.

ALMIGHTY and merciful God, by thine inspiration enkindle in us the desire to seek the courts of thy heavenly City, and by thy grace give us the will even now confidently to enter them; through Jesus Christ our Lord.¹⁹

AMEN.

VI.

THE NEW FREEDOM.

THE NEW FREEDOM.

IT is possible that the writers who have lately been applying the category of evolution to the study of the history of society are not quite as convincing as they are captivating. In large outlines, nevertheless, there does assuredly emerge a sketch of the evolution which the race is undergoing. Thus we see the processes of selection and survival at work through all the phases of a conflict old as the world, and of which the end does not yet appear, a conflict terrible and tragic, the horrors of whose early scenes are mercifully hid from our gaze by the dimness of a dawn which the imagination is able but feebly, and desires not at all, to pierce. When at length the morning of history reveals man, he is a creature normally at war, first with his neighbours, and then, in union with his neighbours, against other armed groups of savages. Under the grim conditions of the law of natural selection, warlike societies give way before others of superior

prowess. At the end of a long succession, at last the process in the West comes into the survey of definite history, and we see Babylonia and Egypt giving way before Assyria, Assyria before Persia, Persia before Greece, and Greece before Rome. In the state, which is a military organization, those who are gifted with—at first—personal strength or courage, or—later—superior martial cunning, are the dominant figures. Those who cannot fight, organize war or direct campaigns, are enslaved. The type of the soldier is selected. The strongest peoples survive, and in their midst a military aristocracy is evolved.

But the process has only begun. The soldier is not the ultimate type. Devotion, growing strong and wild, to an ideal called Freedom, permeates the subjected social classes; the attack of battle is developed beyond the possibility of defence; the final form of martial society, Feudalism, falls. The ascendancy of the soldier is destroyed, society is disarmed, and the people are liberated for existence on a footing of equal civil opportunity.

But does the struggle cease? By no means. It merely changes form. It becomes more refined, less heroic. It is conducted now as a rule without violence, and with its conditions regulated by a body of law. Glory, bodily function, generous risk upon the field,—none of these things now decorate its mercilessness. The characteristics which give success now are not those which were valuable in the armed struggle. Subtlety, craft, cold, determined avarice, boldness in manipulating prices, readiness to profit by misfortune of others,—the mercenary, not the martial, instincts furnish the endowments which are now availing, and which are now chosen for survival. At the beginning of the commercial era, the producer prospers, as the great guild halls of thirteenth century and fourteenth century Europe attest. Then merchant adventurers like Child and Boulton have their turn; but in the end those slier intellects who perceive the possibility of dealing no longer in commodities, but in money,—the gentry headed by the Landgrave of Hesse's Court-Jew, Mayer of the Red Shield, the Lloyds, the

Barings, the Goldschmidts, the Morgans;—these, by the inevitable process with which modern science has become so familiar, become the lords. I am entirely dispassionate, and perhaps I had better term them princes, though why it should be thought nicer to be called a commercial prince than a money lord, I don't understand. These persons are the flower and crown of society as it is to-day; to them belong the highest titles, the utmost honour; the race owes them its blessings and its prayers for the multiplication of their progeny. Provided, that is, that competition for material possession be a proper principle upon which to establish society. We have thought it such. We have honoured the mercantile principle by magnificent temples, in days when it appears impossible to build God a decent church, and by reserving the sanctions of life for our most successful mercenaries. Under our enthusiastic encouragement, mercenary ability has been in wide circles sharpened and strengthened. Our acceptance of the principle of contest for possession has enthroned the Rothschilds, and its continued acceptance

will perpetuate their ascendancy and accomplish the extinction of such human creatures as are not adapted to the commercial struggle. The process of evolution has culled an aristocracy of usurers. The selected type is to-day the money-dealer, in Bombay the Marwari, in London the Jew.²⁰

Now, it is useless, it is absurd and unmanly, to quarrel with the law by which those who possess appropriate talents become the rulers of the society to which they are peculiarly adapted. If we object to the character of those who are exalted, our recourse is to change the trend of the process *by giving the struggle another object*. Let us not quarrel with the law. It seems disastrous; may it not be able to reveal itself as beneficent? It has produced ignoble types; may it not be capable of producing great ones? By its operation great soldiers have been developed, and great money lords; is it not conceivable that it may yet bring forth great saints?

Suppose it were to come about that men were convinced that not gain but giving, not success but service, is the proper object of

their competition. Imagine the contest for acquisition transformed into one of generosity. Conceive what the evolutionary process would work out were men to compete in sacrifices, were they to seek to give their labour to others instead of obtaining that of others for themselves. What a type of man would be the result! Would it not be that the ensample of which appeared in Him to whose obedience I am calling you? Would there not result the collapse of the ascendancy of wealth, and the selection for survival of those gifted in the qualities of unselfishness and humility? Is not the prophecy of the Son of Man conceivably a statement of the outcome of the process, seen by its author and representative as one born out of due time?—" *The meek shall inherit the earth.*" Is not such a consummation of the law just that to which looks the great hymn of democracy which the Church sings daily? " *He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.*" The humble and meek, those who are to be exalted, the ultimate selection, the realiza-

tion of the effort of the long course of human history,—may it not be that they are the “*humiliores*” of Tacitus, “*quos vulgos Christianos appellabat*” ?

This is precisely what the obedient must look for and direct their energies to hasten. It must be asserted—asserted by the vivid speech of lives committed to its truth—that material acquisition is not the true end of human endeavour; that prosperity is not worth one pang of effort, nor its absence of regret. Some fine scorn of it all must make it understood that nothing is so extremely vulgar as “success.” There must stand up an order of men who repudiate the ordinary objects of toil. There must be organized a concert of men who, by calmly denying them, will confound the conventional standards of the world. There must arise an aristocracy of men who might “succeed,” but will not; who might acquire wealth, power, position, fame, but decline to do so; who, having within reach all that men now spend their lives striving for, despise it, preferring to the pleasure of getting the joy of giving.

The immediately noticeable characteristic of these aristocrats—the first peculiarity which would lift them from the proletariat and constitute them lords, would be this: their unpurchasableness.²¹ Their talents would not be for sale. The method of modern society is that of bargain; the struggle for existence takes the form of a contest in prices. Under the older form, men were *forced* to give their services; they were enslaved by arms. To-day they are bought. The workingman, the artist, the priest, sell their work to the lords, operating their machinery, beautifying their palaces and comforting their consciences, for hire. This fraternity of high-born souls will be one of men who have no price. They will paint no pictures, give wings to no music, utter never a sentence of gratifying eloquence, for the sake of advancement, applause, or any other consideration with which the princes have hitherto compelled service. In perfect good humour, they will decline to submit to compulsion. They will *give* their services—here is the splendid pride of the aristocrat—they will give them freely, at their own

motion and of their own will, disdaining any pay but the joy of the exercise and the satisfaction of independence; they will pour themselves out in service, spending every gift in continuous ministry to their brothers, toiling, suffering, sacrificing, but scorning to stipulate for those rewards which the vulgar look upon as the ends of life.

I confess to some confidence that, however those who delight to call themselves practical may have regarded many things I have said in the course of these addresses, it cannot but be generally felt that the form the programme of Christian obedience takes to-day has something to say for itself as a sane and practical proposition. Tell me, what is there in the standard I propose which prevents any man's or woman's embracing it in perfect serenity? There is no hysteria about it. I cannot, I find, in talking about it maintain a rapturous strain of discourse. I hope it is a rather fine, a rather noble standard, but it is perfectly within any one's power to make it his. Indeed, the unwritten codes of the professions already enjoin it. The common feeling emphatically

demands that a clergyman should serve for considerations other than his salary. The theory of the legal profession is that the attorney and the counsel are officers of justice, assisting the judge and the jury in the administration of the law; it is only of late that a lawyer's fee could be collected by process. Reputable physicians will not consort with one who patents a therapeutic secret. I want to know why this ennobling conception should be thought good for men in certain few only of all possible careers. I call for faithfulness to it where it is held, and for its extension to all callings and walks of life.

It would be a grateful task to sketch the social revolution which would come in with this idea as, from class to class, from man to man, spreads the determination to render service for its own sake and not for that of reward. The fever of "getting on" would be assuaged, the madness in which now business is driven would be cured, the plague of ambition which prevents happy marriages would be allayed, and, men dwelling in quiet-

ness and contentment, unnatural manners, false estimates and mistaken distinctions would disappear. I cannot ask you to follow me into a consideration of hopes which I allow myself to indulge, but I am moved to speak definitely to-day of two particulars in which the conception might be expected to become at once effective.

First, the obscure posts of life will no longer go unmanned; men of ability will devote themselves to the problems of the villages and the country, and our rural districts, which are now obviously paganizing, will be redeemed.

Second, men of education and refinement will demonstrate, by taking it up, the dignity of manual labour, and the hand-crafts will be revived.

Mr. Maurice has somewhere called upon us to contemplate the effects of Christianity as they are apparent in the differences between the state of the Christian and the non-Christian lands, and then he has proposed the question: If you were ignorant of the facts, and were told that all this is due to the life of one man some centuries ago,

what sort of a figure would rise in your imagination? Doubtless we should picture an imposing personage, philosopher, statesman or warrior, moving among the great of the earth, habituating its chief cities, occupied with large concerns and imperial deeds. We should see him taking up one great interest after another, moving out from the city of his birth (doubtless the world's capital) to other centres of men, extending his grasp further and further, until his influence and as well his bodily presence, were known in every part of the domain over which he sought power.

Such are not the facts. He was born in a sheep-village. For thirty years He lived in complete obscurity in the house of a carpenter in the poorest and most insignificant town of a despised backwoods province, a town whose name rendered into English would be perhaps "Bushtown," and of which it was said as a proverb, Can any good thing come out of it? Then for three years He walked about in the country around His home, preaching to the peasants. A few times He went down to the chief city of the

province and made speeches in the streets and public places. They crucified Him there at thirty-three, and His foot had never been set sixty miles away from His village home.

Why didn't He gather round Him the learned and great, instead of the motley crowd of fishermen and illiterates, a tax-agent the most respectable of the lot? Why didn't He go to Rome or Athens and head a dignified movement? Is anyone prepared to say that that life has filled the world *in spite of* the blunder that confined it to a petty field? Is anyone ready to affirm that that life may not in this also be an example? There is no merit in living in a mean place; the man who spends his life in a small position is not, on that account, more praiseworthy than one who spends his at great things. But the life of Jesus of Nazareth teaches us that a man may be a greater man, doing greater things, at an obscure post, than another in a conspicuous one. The results of the faithfulness of the Man of Galilee to the work that came to His hand in His native countryside shows

that the ultimate influence of one's career does not depend upon the pretentiousness or picturesqueness of his deeds nor the importance of the place in which he does them. The earth which has felt the footsteps of the Son of God is everywhere holy. When the Incarnate Deity chose to walk among the hills of Judea rather than in capitals where honour inconceivable might have been His,—the outposts of life, the obscure positions, were made those which the noblest among men will ever be proud to occupy.

The revival of the hand-crafts will be inevitable when we have ceased to regard labour as merely a means of "getting on." To-day abilities, accomplishments and even education are valued, not for their own sakes, but because they give their possessor advantage in the struggle for position. John's father is a mechanic, and his mother does her own work. They manage with many sacrifices to send John through college. Their hope is that he may be able to set up in a profession and "go in good

society;" and very likely he does migrate to the city, and hang a shingle. Then his parents are proud to think that they have a son higher up in the world than themselves. Beautiful as their unselfishness is, is theirs not nevertheless a mistaken view? Is there anything essentially more dignified in being a lawyer or a physician than in being a mechanic? Nine cases in ten, wouldn't John do better, and be happier, to come back and take a place by his father's side at the bench?—bringing to the mechanical problems there to be met, to the execution of the work there to be done, the disciplined mind, the fulness of knowledge, the trained eye, that he has gained at college—bringing to the state of life unto which God has called him an acquaintance with the great thoughts of the past and with living men, with history, literature and the principles of art, bringing a power of observation, reflection and enjoyment, which would decorate not only his own life but the lives of his neighbors, and glorify waste places with grace and beauty. I know not how to imagine a figure more admirable than that of one with

ability to gain any station, content in a humble one; with talents to gain any eminence, satisfied to use them in adorning the plain of human existence; employing his accomplishments not in overreaching, but in ministering to, the neighbours of his birth, the fellows of his native fortunes.

Such men will import into that world whose affairs they make their own, a spirit which will not merely dignify labour, but will elevate the character of its product. They will not long be satisfied to let machinery do what their hands can do better and with pleasure, and the stupid, hideous, and brutalizing factory system, which crushes out of the souls of workmen all joy and zest, will pass away. Machinery will have its use for menial offices, but no created thing will spring from any loins but those of a man, with brain and eye and digital skill to invest his direct creations with a quality which mechanical processes cannot match. One of the purest of the joys attainable on earth is lost, and will thus be found again: the joy of creation. It matters little, or nothing at all, of what: whether of a poem or a boot

or a picture. The combination amuses you ? It should not be amusing. They all are products of thought and dexterity, and the creative instinct satisfies itself in one as truly as in another. God created the starry heavens and the flowery meadows, and wove the curtains of crimson and gold that hang in the west at the sunsetting, and He made as well a great many things not at all beautiful to sight or hearing or smell. Yet without doubt He delighted in it all, looking upon everything that He had made and pronouncing it very good. The Greeks, you know, called any man who made anything, a poet, and any product of workmanship, a poem. It is only now in days less noble artistically that we restrict the name to a certain sort of manufactured thing, and the title to a certain sort of workman. You see it is terrible evidence against us of to-day,—evidence that we have lost sight of the artistic quality that all labour may have. Is the man who wrote *The Life and Death of Jason* any more truly a poet than he who printed it so exquisitely at the Kelmscott press ? the dreamer of the dream of *The Earthly Par-*

adise than the craftsman who was baking tiles, cutting types, making wall paper and weaving carpets, until just now when the Master Workman called him to other tasks in His nearer presence? An aristocracy of handicraftsmen, working for love of bringing into the world forms of beauty, would be a guild of poets of a noble sort; and none of the great inspired ones who have loved and sung of Truth, and agonized to express the hopes, the passions of the soul, who have held aloft the lamp of Beauty to illumine the path for humankind,—none more worthily merit the laurel than those who serve humanity, obeying the call of the Spirit to wield the hammer and ply at the loom.

Only so, mark me well! only so will Art revive. The conception of the beautiful cannot be maintained apart from the realization of it. Neither can poets, architects nor painters be born so long as those whose task it is to give reality to their dreams are looked upon as less noble. The architect and the mason, the painter and the colour-grinder, the poet and the printer, must be fellows. The arts spring from the crafts.

They are the flower and fruitage of the faithful creation of humble things, of honest devotion to Truth for love of it, widespread among the people. Art is not a thing which can be produced to order. Criticism, University Extension lectures (I give them myself, and know), the multiplication of copies of old pieces,—no amount of it all will produce a national Art. We shall never have any national Art until every village blacksmith and every village carpenter looks upon himself as an artist. No Art will arise among us so long as the nation's workers are bound in a hateful servitude which keeps them making, their lives long, the heel of a boot, or the spindle of a chair, or some fiftieth part of something else. Certainly, also—the Reverend Mr. Dearmer is right—it is vain to expect Art until our abominable catalogue slavery is abolished, so that when we want to furnish our houses or churches, we shall not order a No. 48 mantel, or a No. 34 altar, or—horrid wickedness!—chalice 17 B, but shall turn a man loose (having men to turn loose) to make what need requires, but to make it in freedom, honouring the Spirit who

will inspire the cunning workman still, as He did Bezaleel and Aholiab.

I am far from cherishing much expectation that all this, or anything like it, can be realized in any set way. I believe and hope only that as an ideal it may go abroad, to touch true hearts here and there, and somehow work out into reality of some form, perhaps unrecognizable by me. It is, however, conceivable that a deliberate effort to embody it in a visible brotherhood might succeed. If a number of Christian men and women were to accept the ideas which I have tried to set forth, might they not with advantage assemble and together work out a practical realization of them? Some might cultivate the ground, some build, some furnish houses, others give their labours to the craft or art or study in which they were skilled. A little foundry, a hand press and a loom might be set up. Honest manufactures, and then artistic ones, might be engaged in: making of furnishings for houses, churches, public buildings; of brasses, carven wood, organs, books (good ones in worthy editions), apparel (always tasteful, and, if possible,

beautiful and rich). In time, to the group would be added, or within it would be developed, painters, poets, students, novelists (but not of the problem novel), scientists, living simple lives amid beautiful things, working in freedom and joy, and stooping to receive no price for their achievements. Some would carry on experiments in the interests of medical science. Some would devote themselves to the law, appearing in courts for the defence of the poor, or formulating the extensions and refinements of the common law, which changed and changing conditions here so loudly demand. Some would translate; some would philosophize. Here would be rivalled the works of St. Maur, of Port Royal, of Merton in Surrey.

I do not assert that anything like this is practicable or possible, but I do assert that, if it were, it would furnish conditions under which crafts, sciences and arts would flourish as they have never flourished in this land.

At any rate, if not in such fashion of living, there must and there will—for the Spirit who teaches me to talk of it will lead, nay: already is leading, others to practise it—be

exhibited this ideal incarnate variously in men, here one, there one; in men striving to surpass each other in service, despising the world's contemptible prizes and renouncing its vulgar, greedy way; living in plainness and contentment, and in godly leisure, with time to lie in the sun and to wander out of doors amid the big, fine-smelling things; working gleefully at any honest task; free sons of the earth, her own nobility, abiding in sweet places or roaming at will; learning to be pure and healthy, strong of leg and arm, keen of eye and dexterous; attuned again to Creation's harmony, knowing, and knowing how to picture, her moods and thoughts; men mighty and kind, simple men, giving their souls' throbs out, as anciently, to the great classic themes of Honour and Love and War.

To-day I have represented the New Obedience, as certainly it may be represented, as the rendering, after Christ's example and according to His commands, of unhired service. I have characterized these labourers as a new nobility, and I have tried to suggest

that the natural selection of such an order might conceivably be regarded as a phenomenon of social evolution.

One of the features of a highly perfected society will be the large degree of liberty which its members enjoy. I am inclined to imagine that the goal of social evolution might be described in a large way as the realization of a state of perfect freedom. Need I now point out, in terms, how glorious is the freedom which this aristocracy will possess? Though not alone nor chiefly in this, a peculiar freedom will be theirs in the fact that they will be delivered from dependence upon elusive and perishable things. Happiness, after all, requires no paraphernalia. It is the fault of the modern socialistic propaganda that it is concerned too much with circumstances, environments, external conditions of life. We cannot refrain from earnestly desiring and labouring for the amelioration of the hard conditions which surround the unfortunate. And yet, for my part, however passionately I may be moved to denounce the wrong of it, and to plead for the brightening of their lives, I

know that the actual improvement of outward living conditions is but an insignificant and paltry part of the revolution which is organizing. Indeed, the first great benefit of the Socialism which has my devotion will be, I feel sure, among those who are already the favoured, will be among the rich and the cultured. Theirs will be the incomparable beatitude of rendering the New Obedience, of proffering social service, with an efficiency they perhaps alone can exhibit; they are equipped with abilities which the less favoured do not possess. They will not have to learn the lesson of the unsatisfactoriness of earthly prosperity, and will be more ready to lay it down, than those who have not enjoyed it will be to turn from its pursuit before they have learned that lesson. I preach no movement of the poor against the rich—God forbid! For such of the socially unfavoured as can persuade themselves to forego quest of the small liberty which possessions confer, and for such of the favoured as yearn for deliverance from bondage to their fortune, I preach the possibility of a higher Freedom.

But chiefly the new nobility will be free as other men can never be free, will be assured absolutely against enslavement, will be delivered forever from all forms of servitude,—just because its members will be forever rendering service, unforced and unasked. The deadliest enemy of slavery is voluntary service. This is again in another form the great lesson of the life of the Master who rendered, and who exacts, obedience. Through Obedience He won Freedom; a Servant, He was a King. Do we imagine Him as effeminate and submissive? We should do better to try to rise to an appreciation of His kingliness. In face, figure, bearing, He was in the best and truest sense a very prince of aristocrats, Who could say, *“I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.”* . . . *“I am among you as He that serveth.”* *“Art Thou a king, then?”* *“Thou sayest that I am—a King.”* Ah! truly, in the words of the old collect, *servire regnare est.*

Freedom! Is there nothing stirring for

the heart in this conception of it? It has ever been a word that set the blood agoing, and we have as yet hardly dreamed of it, except in its crude form of civil liberty. Much has that amounted to! There are, I fear, as many slaves under the Republic as the sun ever looked down upon under any tyrant of history. We have exchanged the shackles of military despotism for those of a sordid, gluttonous commercialism. Civil liberty is magnificent as an opportunity for real Freedom. It is a means only, however. We have been content with a name, and are still without the reality. Paraphrasing slightly a recent paragraph²² on one of the world's heroes and apostles of liberty, I affirm that it cannot be too often declared—what was with Mazzini a central conviction, central in his creed and still more eloquently central in his dedicated life,—that all the blood shed for civil freedom is but as water spilt on sand, if, stopping short in fancied achievement, men fail to win for themselves that true, spiritual, and alone valuable Freedom to which civil liberty is but the gate. The process which in beginning I sketched,

is the effort of nature to reach the type of the free man in a free society. It will attain its end when it has lifted above the Soldier, and above the Trader, the Servant; when it has passed out of the era of military tyranny and that of mercenary slavery into the age of the liberty of volunteered service.

I will paraphrase again, this time not a sentiment, but words which thrilled the hearts of Young Italy in that glorious war. For I believe there is faith among us, and patriotism of some real sort, and readiness to be offered. This nation is sick at heart and starving. It has wasted the substance of its youthful vigour in the harlotry of colossal materialism, and it has sold itself into subjection to ideals and standards which reward it with husks. It is coming to itself, nevertheless, if I misjudge not, and already is awakening in it a purpose for great deeds of honour. Its people will be,—may we not boldly trust?—as eager in a noble cause as they have been in unworthy ones, as ready to venture in love as in greed. This people will be saved when it sees before it an object

for its devotion, an object worthier than "success." Happy will be the fame of him whose heart conceives, and whose lips formulate and present, that object, revealing it in its compelling charm. Already lives, not a few of men and women known to me, lives of definite dedication, delineate it and prophesy its power. As the magnificent audacity of this little company confronts the world, who has the boldness to predict what it may not effect! Who dares say what revolution will not be wrought as the fire flies from heart to heart, as suddenly in widening circles is revealed to the sons of the Republic the loftiness of the ideal of social sacrifice, captivating the imagination with its alluring beauty! What is hardship, if it come? What is apparent failure? What, to a noble, is the ridicule of the mob? What if the devotion requires all, and promises nothing—but liberty! Hear the cry of the King to the good hearts of the land, free, yet in bondage, a Republic of slaves,—the cry of the nation's Christ, as He stands gathering the band of her deliverers from the tyranny of commercialism: "Young men, follow me!

I offer you rags, I offer you hunger, I offer you scorn, I offer you death; but if you love your country, follow me! Take up the Obedience, and lead the nation into Freedom!"

O GOD, Protector of the faithful, and Pastor of souls obedient unto thee ; Regard, we beseech thee, the prayers of the simple, delivering them from all base masteries and ordering their devotions towards things lovely, things sweet and high ; that, subjugated by thy Beauty and enfranchised by thy Truth, in keeping thy commandments they may walk at liberty ; through Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

VII.

THE CERTAIN TRIUMPH.

THE CERTAIN TRIUMPH.

DURING the progress of these addresses you have been invited to consider whether the commands uttered by Jesus of Nazareth, apparently as specific directions for human conduct even in some of its details, were not intended to be actually and literally obeyed; and in particular whether what He called the New Commandment of Love, promulgated by Him with such solemnity, and obeyed by Him with such complete and limitless obedience, was not designed to be accepted as the law upon which was to be founded a new society, a hitherto unconceived scheme and order of things, described by Himself as the Kingdom of Heaven. We have had to face the fact that those commands are now given hardly the pretence of obedience by those who nevertheless call themselves Christians, and we have been obliged to confess that "Christianity" is a name for something which the world has yet to see. If "Christianity" means dis-

cipleship of Christ and submission to His commands, it contemplates, we have seen, a thorough revision of existing standards, practices and institutions, and profound modifications in individual lives. To the proposition that the more difficult maxims of conduct laid down by Christ are the extravagances of an impracticable religious idealist or the rhapsodies of a poet, we have given what may be called a most positive negative. We have confronted also the more plausible position which admits the duty of literal obedience to Christ, but postpones that duty to the far-off day when all men shall agree to it. Although we have allowed our vision to stretch away to that time when the dominion of the earth shall be the Lord's of Love, and human society, refashioned and built into the likeness of a City of God, shall have become a society in which, rivalry for success transformed into rivalry in mutual service, every man has opportunity for that happiness which is now denied except to the few; although we have seen that such a new earth is what Christianity proposes: we have been constrained to conclude that the duty

of resisting not the evil, of turning the other cheek, of lending to every borrower, of refusing to lay up treasures upon earth,—in short, that the duty of obeying Christ, is not postponed until such a time as it shall have become conducive to happiness to obey Him, but that it lies upon us now, whatever its inconvenience, however certain to result in material disaster, however certain to cast those who embrace it under the feet of the mob which riots for part in the good things of the world. This stern conclusion we have seen no honest way to avoid. The words of Christ are explicit; His example is plain. The plan of His life is unmistakable. The demands He makes of those who undertake to follow Him are absolute and uncompromising, and utterly inconsiderate of their immediate personal happiness.

But if I have represented the obedience of Christ as a stern thing, it must be my business to-day to persuade you that it issues in joy. As music out of discord, freedom out of service, as out of conflict, peace, and out of action, that rest which remaineth

where nevertheless they rest not day nor night; in accordance with the divine paradox that works throughout the universe, bringing out of death, life; out of the winter, the rejuvenescent spring; the paradox of finding in losing, of receiving in giving up, —in accordance with this mercy of God, the world's travail is the process of its salvation, and the sternness of the obedience of Christ is only promise of the fulness and solemnity of the gladness which will be its fruit.

I will not speak of the personal satisfaction even amid personal disaster which will reward one who can assure himself that he is living a life true to his conception of duty. Material ill-fortune has little power to sadden such a soul. Do you fancy St. Paul was sad when he stood before Agrippa and averred, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision"? The sunset of life was upon him, and his body bore the marks of the long day's woe, but underneath its scars, I undertake to say, abode a happier spirit than in any pampered courtier who looked on him that day. They alone know the joy of life who have tasted the cup of sacrifice. Their

feet who walk the way of the Cross tread the path of divinest contentation. Their days are vocal with hymning and gladsome with light. It is they who come through the great tribulation that God spreadeth His tabernacle over and leadeth unto fountains of waters. He who has suffered for the sake of the Kingdom has shared already in its glory.

But I do not speak of that. There is a higher felicity, one not to be enjoyed by any man, but to be won for the race by the Obedience for which I am pleading,—the felicity of the world's salvation. The only reflection that I have to add to those which have occupied us is, that only through that about which we have been talking, only through the acceptance of and submission to Christ's commands, can the Kingdom of Heaven be achieved. The Kingdom will never be established by the plan of continuing to violate its laws. The holy Crispinus stole leather with which to make shoes for the poor, but I have the impression that his idea does not, on the whole, make a convincing appeal to our best judgments. The Kingdom will take form before our eyes

when we begin to obey its laws,—those impracticable rules of Jesus. We don't know what the Kingdom of Heaven is, and we shall never know until we begin to live as if already we were in it; then we shall see it gradually emerge into realization.

The method of assuming that things are as you would have them, is an efficacious one. The best way to make a man a thief is to give him the reputation of being one.²³ And the converse statement is no less true: there is no better way to make a man good than to allow him to see that you expect him to be good. To make men true, trust them. To make them brave, take it for granted that they are brave. England expected it, and Nelson's men did their duty. There is no wiser way to set about transforming the earth into the Kingdom of Heaven than to act as if it were such already. This, I am sure, is Christ's programme for His disciples. The pioneers in this course will suffer; some of them will lack the common comforts of life; but their sacrifices will result in bringing about conditions under which their children will find the same course easier. The first

generation that undertakes the Obedience will be ridiculed and despised, but will hand down to the future a rich entail.

Is it not certain that it would be so ? Let a few,—even a few only,—set about doing the things which Christ tells Christians to do,—can anyone doubt how the spectacle of a little band fighting evil with good, slander with good temper, giving away their possessions without expectation of return, doing good without hope of reward, living the life of faith without thought for the morrow,—can anyone doubt how that spectacle would work upon the world ? I cannot doubt. In the first place, it would supply the world with what it lacks,—with regret I feel compelled to say, almost entirely lacks to-day,—a body of personal witness to Christ. He is not seen to-day in flesh walking our high-ways, preaching and showing signs. His is an interesting story as it reads in the venerable records that purport to tell of Him. But what is to convince the world that He lived, and did as the story affirms ? Nothing will convince the world, except the testimony of men whom the truth of His

story has so possessed that they devote themselves to the lifelong task of carrying out His words and making their lives like His. Nothing will convince the world that Christ was, except the evidence that He is. Nothing will do it but the evidence, plainly given in lives of self-effacement, that Christ dwells still on earth, visible in the devotion of His saints to the welfare of their fellow-men. The Bible won't convince the world; the study of nature won't; the statement that God once long ago set the seal of miracle upon His work won't convince the world that Jesus of Nazareth is its Saviour. The proof,—St. Athanasius saw it long ago,—must ever be the miracles which are still wrought in the lives of those who believe in Him. The ancient champion of the truth of the Incarnation had only to point to those, then living in every community, who counted the world and its treasures nothing and lived only to serve their Master, as triumphant evidence of a living Christ.²⁴ We to-day should have a harder time than he of the earlier century to find men and women whose lives differ from the lives of the world

enough to be recognizable as those of men and women who know Christ and possess His spirit. That there are some such there can be no doubt. There has never been quite broken the line of men who bear the torch and hand it on, and now in the revolution of the centuries our turn has come to receive it, to suffer it to expire, or to relume it to its ancient splendour. A New Obedience, have I called it? Rather, a return to the old obedience is what the times demand,—the obedience of the days of the Church's faith and triumph.

Yes, they must be put together:—the Church's Obedience and the Church's Triumph. It is idleness to pretend that the Church is to-day anything approaching the power it should be. We may felicitate ourselves that it is awakening to appreciation of its office, to realization of the trend of the great social movement that is passing before its eyes. But we must with shame confess that as yet it is miserably and pitifully impotent. We continue in our harmless and pleasant ways in a complacency like that of the giant who wist not that his

strength was departed. The world's influence upon us is greater than our influence upon the world. We adopt its methods and represent its principles, when we ought to be persuading it to accept the principles and methods of Christ. We can never expect it to do that, until we act as if we ourselves believed in Christ's principles and had confidence in His methods. We can never do in the world the work Christ intended us to do, so long as we are a Church apostate and faithless to His injunctions. Nay, I do not believe the Church can much longer continue to exist, unless it arouses itself to its duty. The temper of the age is not tolerant of ornamental institutions. The world has no need for the Church as an association of congenial ladies and gentlemen who gratify themselves by the weekly use of certain formulas and indulgence in however seemly and beautiful a ceremonial. The Church is not needed as a purveyor of entertainment. It is not required as a manager of social functions which the world itself knows better how to manage. The world has no room for the Church except as a divine institution with authority

to demand, and persuading charm to win, the submission of society to the Master to whom it has already given obedience. The Church will regain its power when it demonstrates its social efficiency; when it makes it plain that it has in keeping the law which society needs for its salvation. When the divided household of Christ is reassembled and absolved from its sin of division, redeemed from its present anarchy, which outrages every notion of the unity and love which it pretends to preach; when its people exhibit nothing so much as eagerness in sacrifice and unselfishness in devotion,—then will the Church be strong to wield again her ancient sway over the hearts of men.

The work of the obedient Church will not be to assume direction of every detail of social reform. Her work will be to train her members individually to loyalty to the King, and to make herself an institution more and more conforming to the laws of a world which is not this one. She will carry on with new zeal the corporate acts in which she chiefly witnesses to the reality of that other world.²⁵ She will seek out and bap-

tize children, in the Name which reveals the social character, if I may so speak, the essentially and eternally sacrificial character, of God, the Holy Triune; she will teach them as they grow to manhood the tremendous social truths of the Catechism; she will hold up for the perpetual contemplation of men the sacrifice and tragedy of Calvary, and at her altars week by week offer and present the reasonable, holy and living sacrifice of the body and souls of those who confess Christ their King. This will be her work, as it now is, but this must be done with new sense of its awful importance, and new realization of what it imports for our daily lives. This must result in the creation of a distinctive type of man, easily cognizable as a disciple of the Nazarene, until the world sees that Christianity is a thing of meaning and power, and its heart is softened and convinced by the sweet influences that flow from unselfish lives like waves that beat in unexpected music on shores that know nothing of the winds that raised them.²⁶

I cannot hope to persuade you in these

last minutes of what this course of addresses may have failed to make clear. But may I not allow myself to hope that, as we approach the solemn anniversary of the Passion, it will be borne upon some of you, with a force which no human words can carry, that discipleship of Jesus Christ is a serious undertaking, and calls for willingness to follow the Truth into deserts and Gethsemanes and judgment-halls and to the hill of crucifixion; calls for willingness to obey with absolute disregard of consequences, even to the apparently irretrievable defeat of Calvary? You will not contemplate as you should the unexampled obedience which we adore on Good Friday without a juster conception of the duty to which I have felt commissioned to call you. Your hearts ache, I know, for the sorrow of the world, for the joylessness of the lot of the millions who bear the burden of our social injustice. You can do something to bring near the day when that sorrow and joylessness shall cease. Take up of your own will the burden which the unfortunate now of necessity bear. Illustrate and interpret to this day the law of Sacrifice,

which alone can redeem the world. "All that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to save it was a Cross on which to die." ²⁷

Let us try to think more worthily of the salvation thus accomplished; try to think of it far otherwise than as a magical performance or a judicial transaction. The efficacy of Christ's life cannot be assessed in forensic terms. It is by revealing itself as the world's most deeply-grounded and beneficent law, that the Cross saves the world. All that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to save it was an opportunity to reveal the name and nature of its God. The summit of that revelation was Calvary. We miss the lesson of the sacrifice the anniversary of which approaches, if we fail to see it as a temporal and economic manifestation of an eternal and essential truth. The story of Calvary is not a symbolic tradition, which requires to be interpreted idealistically, but, nevertheless, the historical event does not exhaust the meaning of what is an eternal tragedy. The Cross is the expression and interpretation in time of what has been forever taking place; taking place in the

mystery of God's nature, in the Holy Trinity. God is, He exists by being, Love. From the foundation of the world, He also has found Himself in losing Himself. In an infinite process of Love, in an eternal act of Sacrifice, forever stream and have streamed, each into the bosoms of the others, Whom in our poor speech we name Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The revelation which the Son perfected on Calvary was the revelation of the Social Life of God.

These heights of thought we may not ascend. Closing our studies, it behooved us thus far to adventure, that we might gain view of the certainty of the world-victory prepared for Love. Because God is, we may reverently say, a Divine Society, the interests of human society are not foreign to Him, neither can they be by Him abandoned. God's very self is pledged to the triumph of that which is the constitution itself of His nature,—to the triumph of uncalculating Love,—to the success of the silly programme which Christ enjoined. What the operation of Love makes Him, it must be His will a like process should make

the world. As Mercy and Justice, Law and Liberty, and all the elements of the problems of the Absolute, are reconciled in the unity of His Love, His will must be that our contradictions shall be solved and set at rest by the confession that human society must be a society of Love.

What I am struggling to help you feel is that the plan which Jesus followed, and which He commends to us, is in correspondence with the most profound principles of the universe and the divine life. The conceit of the Fathers, that it is an infinite Cross imprinted on space which binds the heights and depths and breadths and sustains the universe,²⁸ is a poetic statement of a stupendous truth. Therefore is it that the despised symbol has been able to lift itself above the centuries in a splendour that grows more glorious as time increasingly reveals the power in Sacrifice. The roods whereon Christ reigns from the Cross tell a truer story than those on which He hangs in agony. The words of the Christian Cicero are not extravagant: the hands extended in the Passion are to welcome a great host

coming to receive upon their foreheads the most august sign.²⁹ The success of the Obedience of Christ is guaranteed not alone by the victory which already He has achieved, but by the invincibility of the Supreme Will Who has created the universe, and ordered it according to laws which flow from out the treasures of His Nature of Love.

The New Obedience! here it is, then; I know not whether a vain imagining, or a proposal destined under God to be a movement for the hastening of the triumph of His Church, or, what at least it may be allowed to be, a phrase which is nothing and less than nothing, but which stands for an old conception and endeavour which must be undertaken with a new vigour. It is an expression of faith in Christ, pre-eminently. It stands in connection with that large thought of the illuminating power of Obedience, which in beginning I tried to open to you. It seeks the application and energizing of the New Learning. It has stern demands to make upon individuals, churches

and nations. It is revolutionary—not violently so, but as education and all progressive movements are, quietly revolutionary. It does not break with the past; it carries on and completes it. It knows that the Kingdom of Heaven is not a fortress to be taken by storm, but a fair city which shall more perfectly appear as in the light of Truth increasing through Obedience the false, the ugly, the incomplete, fade away and disappear.

The New Obedience! it has come into the world with its proposal and its promise. God will raise up its preachers and it will win its disciples, or, once for all, our religion will have met its day and have failed. Do not fear. It will not fail. The divine folly of Love is the victory forever. It will triumph in the Church, and the Church in the world. During these weeks there has been before us the figure of One who rendered to the utmost the Obedience which He requires. His now is the power and the glory, and enthroned He assures us of the prevailing potency of submission to the Law of Love. "*He became obedient unto death, even the death of*

the Cross ; wherefore also God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him the name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.'' The Pattern of our Obedience is the pledge of its Triumph.

O GOD of unchangeable power and eternal light, look favorably upon thy Church, that wonderful and sacred mystery; and by the tranquil operation of thy perpetual providence carry out the work of man's salvation; and let the whole world feel and see that things which were cast down are being raised up, that things which had grown old are being made new, and that all things are returning to perfection through Him from whom they took their origin, even through our Lord Jesus Christ.³⁰

AMEN.

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Social Evolution*, p. III.

² I hope I have not misrepresented the Reverend Doctor Brooke Herford.

³ The Reverend Stanley Hughes, my dear friend, who should have written this book, largely inspired me to do it by his uncompromising persistence in this contention.

⁴ This passage is imitated from one in Dörner's *Glaubenslehre*. Cf. vol. ii., p. 57 (T. & T. Clark).

⁵ I do not know who has written more worthily on this great theme than has Professor Henry Jones, a disciple greater than his master, in *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*. Cf. cap. vi., *Browning's Treatment of the Principle of Love*.

⁶ *Ethics of Citizenship*, p. 184.

⁷ *Social Evolution*, p. 192 ff.

⁸ This prayer is from the Ambrosian Missal.

⁹ *Harper's Weekly*, Feb. 22, 1896.

¹⁰ The statements made by me in *The Forum* for November, 1894, regarding the conditions under which thousands of operatives in Fall River pass their lives, have never been refuted.

In *The Forum* for May, 1896, Miss Clare de Graffenreid, Agent of the United States Census Bureau, gives an abstract of her survey of labourers' tenements in this country. It was a sufficiently horrifying revelation to those who were ignorant on the subject. This passage is pathetic: "Going from Fall River to Nashua, I could

hardly believe my eyes on seeing the 'company' tenements there;—rows of good brick houses, with private entrances, front and rear and a hall for each entrance, and *actually a door-bell*. Nothing touches my heart and imagination like a door-bell. After New York and Fall River, these closed doors and individual bells were idyllic. They stand for the sweet reserve of family life, reposeful days, and peaceful evenings when the schoolgirl is busy with her lessons, and the mother lays the cloth and rocks baby's cradle. The door-bell means privacy, family life, household gods, home." Miss de Graffenreid is authority for the statement that eighty-eight thousand persons in Boston live in houses containing three or more families each.

¹¹ Cf. Maurice, *The Kingdom of Christ*.

¹² *The Victory of the Cross*, p. 16.

¹³ St. Luke, xvii. 21: *ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ ἐν τῷ ὑμῶν ἐστίν*. Cf. Xen., an. i, 10, 3; and Hell., 2, 3, 19.

¹⁴ About one million of copies of *Merrie England* has been printed and sold. The wide distribution of this socialistic document is a fact which undoubtedly reaches the magnitude of an event. The book's probable effect upon the English mind is a grave question. Much of its teaching,—that especially which I have borrowed,—I hold to be true; there are particulars which I believe fallacious. The reception given this book in England illustrates how much more prepared for socialistic advance the older country is. It is well-nigh impossible to conceive of any "respectable" group of people here in conservative America discussing *Merrie England* in the temper, and with the degree of sympathy, which has been shown towards it, for instance, at Oxford.

¹⁵ The words, occurring in the parable of the talents (St. Matthew xxv. and St. Luke xix.), "Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury," are sometimes adduced in defence of interest-taking. But Christ is not here speaking in His own character. This is the advice of one who is described as a "hard" and an "austere" man.

¹⁶ References to the quotations in this paragraph are, in order, as follows: Aug. *in Matt.* xix. 21, *N. T. Lect.* lxxxvi. 3 (Benedictine ed.); *in Ps.* xxxvii. 3, 5; Basil *in Ps.* xiv. (xv.), 5 (*Hom.* ii.); Chrys. *in Matt. Hom.* v. 9; *Hom.* lvi. 9; Basil *in Ps.* xiv. (xv.), 3.

"The Fathers are unanimous," says Gibbon in a note to his forty-fourth chapter, mentioning Cyprian, Lactantius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory Nyssa, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and "a host of councils and canonists." He might have extended the list. The literary form which the discussion takes in ancient writers is most frequently an appeal to those who lend, to lend to the Lord. This turn is taken in affecting language by many of the Fathers. I cannot forbear quoting at somewhat greater length from these mentioned in the address.

"Let us not then traffic in other men's calamities, nor make a trade of our benevolence. . . . For to this intent thou hast wealth, to relieve poverty, not to make a gain from poverty; but thou with a show of relieving makest the calamity greater, and sellest benevolence for money.

"Sell it, I forbid thee not, but for a heavenly kingdom. Receive not a small price for so good a deed: thy monthly one per cent. (*τόνος ἐναροδριαῖος*), but the immortal life. Why art thou beggarly and poor and mean, selling

thy great things for a little, for goods that perish, when it should be for an everlasting kingdom? Why dost thou leave God, and get human gains? Why dost thou pass by that Wealthy One, and trouble him that hath not? and, leaving the sure exchanger, make thy bargain with the unthankful? He longs to pay, but this pays grudgingly. He repays with praises and auspicious words, this with insults and revilings. He here and there; this hardly here.

“Tell me not this, that he is pleased to receive, and is thankful for the loan. It is because he is compelled to be thankful for thy cruelty. It seems to me as though, shouldest thou deliver him from perils, thou wouldest exact of him a payment for the deliverance. What sayest thou? ‘Not so’? Delivering him from the greater evil, thou wouldest be unwilling to exact money, and for the lesser dost thou display such inhumanity!

“‘When I have received interest, I give to the poor,’ one tells me. Speak reverently, O man; God desires not such sacrifices. Deal not subtly with the law. Better not give to a poor man, than give from that source. For the money that hath been collected by honest labours, thou often makest to become unlawful because of that wicked increase; as if one should compel a fair womb to give birth to scorpions.

“And never doth the money-dealer enjoy his possessions, nor find pleasure in them; but when the interest is brought, he doth not rejoice that he hath received gain, but is grieved that the interest hath not yet come up to the principal. And before this evil off-spring is brought forth complete, he compels it also to bring forth, making the interest principal, and forcing it to bring forth its untimely

and abortive brood of vipers. For of this nature are the gains of usury; more than those wild creatures do they devour and tear the souls of the wretched. . . . Let us deaden these lawless travailings; let us dry up this place of pernicious teeming, and let us pursue the great and true gains alone." (Chrysostom, Sermon on Matt. xvi. 28.)

"This usury is the harbinger of hell; there is one of heaven; one coming of covetousness, the other of self-denial; one of cruelty, the other of humanity. . . . 'What dost thou desire?' saith one; 'that I should give another for his use that money which I have got together, and which is useful to me, and demand no recompense?' No; I say not that. I earnestly desire that thou shouldest have a recompense, not however a mean and small one, but far greater; for in return for gold, I would that thou shouldst receive heaven for usury. Why shut thyself up in poverty, crawling about the earth, and demanding little for great? This is the part of one who knows not how to be rich. For when God in return for a little money is promising thee the good things of heaven, and thou sayest, 'Give me not heaven, but give me instead perishing gold,' this is the part of one who desires to continue in poverty." (Chrysostom, Sermon on Matt. xxii., 23.)

"Consider what the usurer does. Undoubtedly he desires to give a less sum and to receive a larger; do thou this also; give thou a little, receive much. And perhaps thou wouldest say, 'To whom then shall I give?' The self-same Lord, who bade thee not lend upon usury, comes forward as the Person to whom thou shouldest lend upon usury. 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' Then, though you have no bond from the

poor man to compel repayment, yet you have a security. Assuredly, if Christ be God, of which there is no doubt, He hath Himself said, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat.' And when they said to Him, 'When saw we Thee hungry?' that He might show Himself to be surety for the poor, that He answers for all His members, that He is the Head, they the members, and that when the members receive, the Head also receiveth, He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these that belong to Me, ye have done it unto Me.'" (Augustine on Psalm xxxvii.)

"Let no one think that he is the receiver whose hand he sees. He indeed received it Who bade thee give. Nor will He restore only what He receiveth. He is pleased to borrow upon interest. Give the rein now to thine avarice, imagine thyself an usurer. Give to God, and press God for payment. Nay, rather, give to God, and thou wilt be pressed to receive payment." (Augustine on Matt. xix. 21.)

"For it is in truth the last pitch of inhumanity that one man, in need of the bare necessities of life, should be compelled to borrow, and another, not satisfied with the return of the principal, should seek to make profit for himself out of the calamities of the poor. The Lord gave His own injunction quite plainly in the words, 'From him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.' But what of the money-lender? He sees before him a man under stress of necessity bent to the ground in supplication. He sees him hesitating at no acts, no words, of humiliation. He sees him suffering undeserved misfortune, but he is merciless. He does not reckon that he is a fellow-creature. He does not give in to his entreaties. He stands stiff and

sour. He is moved by no prayers ; his resolution is broken by no tears. He persists in refusal, invoking curses on his own head if he has any money about him, and swearing that he is himself on the lookout for a friend to furnish him a loan. Then the suppliant mentions interest, and utters the word 'security.' All is changed. The frown is relaxed. With a genial smile, he recalls old family connection. Now it is 'my friend.' 'I will see,' says he, 'if I have any money by me. Ah ! yes ; there is that sum which an acquaintance has left on deposit in my hands for profit. He named very heavy interest. However, I shall certainly deduct something, and give you better terms.' With pretences of this kind, and talk like this, he fawns on the wretched victim, and induces him to swallow the bait. Then he binds him with written security, adds loss of liberty to the trouble of pressing poverty, and is off.

" 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' Do you not desire the Master of the universe to be security for your repayment? If any wealthy man in the town promises you repayment on behalf of another, do you admit his suretyship? But you do not accept God, Who more than repays on behalf of the poor. Give the money lying useless, without weighting it with increase, and both shall be benefited. To you will accrue the security of its safe-keeping. The recipient will have the advantage of its use. And if it is increase you seek, be satisfied with that which is given by the Lord. He will pay the interest for the poor." (Basil on Psalm xiv. Cf. Hom. vii., *De Avaratia*, and *Ep. ad Amphilocheus*, xiv.)

¹⁷ Bishop's Jewell's sermon is an exposition of I. Thess. iv. 6. The other extract is from the farewell sermon preached by the Rev. David Jones in the Church of St.

Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. These two sermons are quoted in *Fors Clavigera*.

¹⁸ This paragraph is a loose quotation from passages in that remarkable book, *Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*, which was put into my hands during the progress of these addresses in Boston.

¹⁹ Adapted from a collect in the fragmentary Leonine Sacramentary.

²⁰ Cf. *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, by Brooks Adams.

²¹ The Reverend Charles Ferguson visited me during the revision of this address, and once for all I credit to him all that is good in it.

²² *The Ethics of Citizenship*, p. 73.

²³ Miss Wilkins has a story (*Calla-Lilies and Hannah*, in *A New England Nun*) which faithfully illustrates this.

²⁴ *De Incar. Verbi*, Cc. xxvii.-xxxii.

²⁵ In a sensible sermon on "What the Church might do for London," preached in St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, in Lent, 1895, the Reverend Stewart Headiam maintained this proposition with great force. The sermon is printed in *A Lent in London*, p. 127. (Longmans.)

²⁶ *Ethics of Citizenship*, p. 46.

²⁷ Lamennais.

²⁸ Gregory of Nyssa, *περὶ ψυχῆς καὶ ἀναστάσεως*, i., "Look up to heaven, and consider the depths below; extend thy thought on this side and then on that, to the ends of the whole universe; and enquire what is the power which holds these together, and becomes, as it were, a bond to unite the whole. Then wilt thou see how spontaneously the idea of the divine power imprints on thy mind the figure of the Cross, reaching from the heights

above to the depths beneath, and stretching on both sides to the utmost bounds of space."

Cf. Rufinus, *Expositio Symb. Apost.*, xiv. Commenting upon the great passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians concerning "the length and breadth and height," the Aquileian begins: *Altitudo ergo et latitudo et profundum descriptio crucis est*, and runs on with the thought. Cf. Basil, *Com. in Is.* xi. 12 (cap. 249).

²⁹ Lactantius, *Institutiones Divinæ*, iv. 26. *Extendit ergo in passione manus suas orbemque dimensus est ut iam tunc ostenderet ab ortu solis usque ad occasum magnum populum ex omnibus linguis et tribubus congregatum sub alas suas esse venturum, signumque illud maximum atque sublime frontibus suis suscepturum.*

³⁰ This wonderful prayer is from the Sacramentary of Gelasius. It was the first of the ten solemn prayers connected with the lessons of Holy Saturday. Cf. Muratori, *Liturgia Romana Vetus*, i. 566, and Bright, *Ancient Collects*, pp. 98-99.

CANON MASON.

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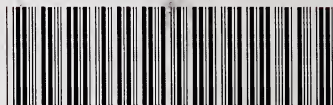
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